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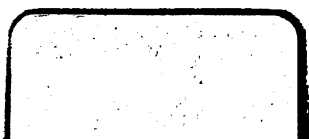
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1. Cape of Good Hope - Desc. and map.
2. Natal - Desc. and map.

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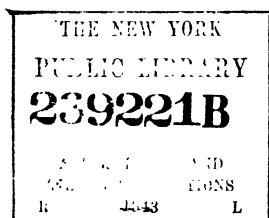
A VISIT
TO
CAPE COLONY AND NATAL,
IN 1879.

BY
WALTER DERHAM, ESQ., M.A., LL.M.,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

1879.

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY HEBER MARDON, AT THE CAXTON WORKS,
OVER AGAINST THE GREY FRIARS, IN BRISTOL.

EN



PREFACE.

THESE rough sketches were written out on the voyage home, and have been hurried through the press in the hope that the perusal of them may afford some amusement to my friends. I have added two charts of the ocean passage, and two maps—one of the immediate vicinity of Cape Town, and the other of the English South African Colonies generally. I would call attention to the interesting fact shown on the ocean chart, that the journey from land to land, although made of straight lines, forming each day's journey, yet forms from land to land, in each successive case, a curve. This is caused by the maps being drawn on Mercator's projection, for, as an actual fact, we were travelling on the great circle track, and went in a direct straight line from land to land.

In Appendix A, I have added an account of a Journey from Cape Town to the Diamond Fields, which will form a sufficient reason for my not going there. In Appendix B will be found a table of distances, showing the number of miles traversed by sea, rail, and road. Appendices C and D contain my meteorological observations and extracts from the ships' logs on the outward and homeward journey respectively. The thermometrical observations were taken with a beautiful pair of maximum and minimum thermometers by Browning. The barometrical observations by a well-tried aneroid, of Husband's, Bristol.

The S.S. *African*, which left Cape Town two hours before us, arrived in Plymouth ten hours before us, thus making the shorter passage by eight hours; but she was 498 tons less measurement and 68 more horse-power than our ship.

WESTBURY-ON-TRYM, 14th August, 1879.

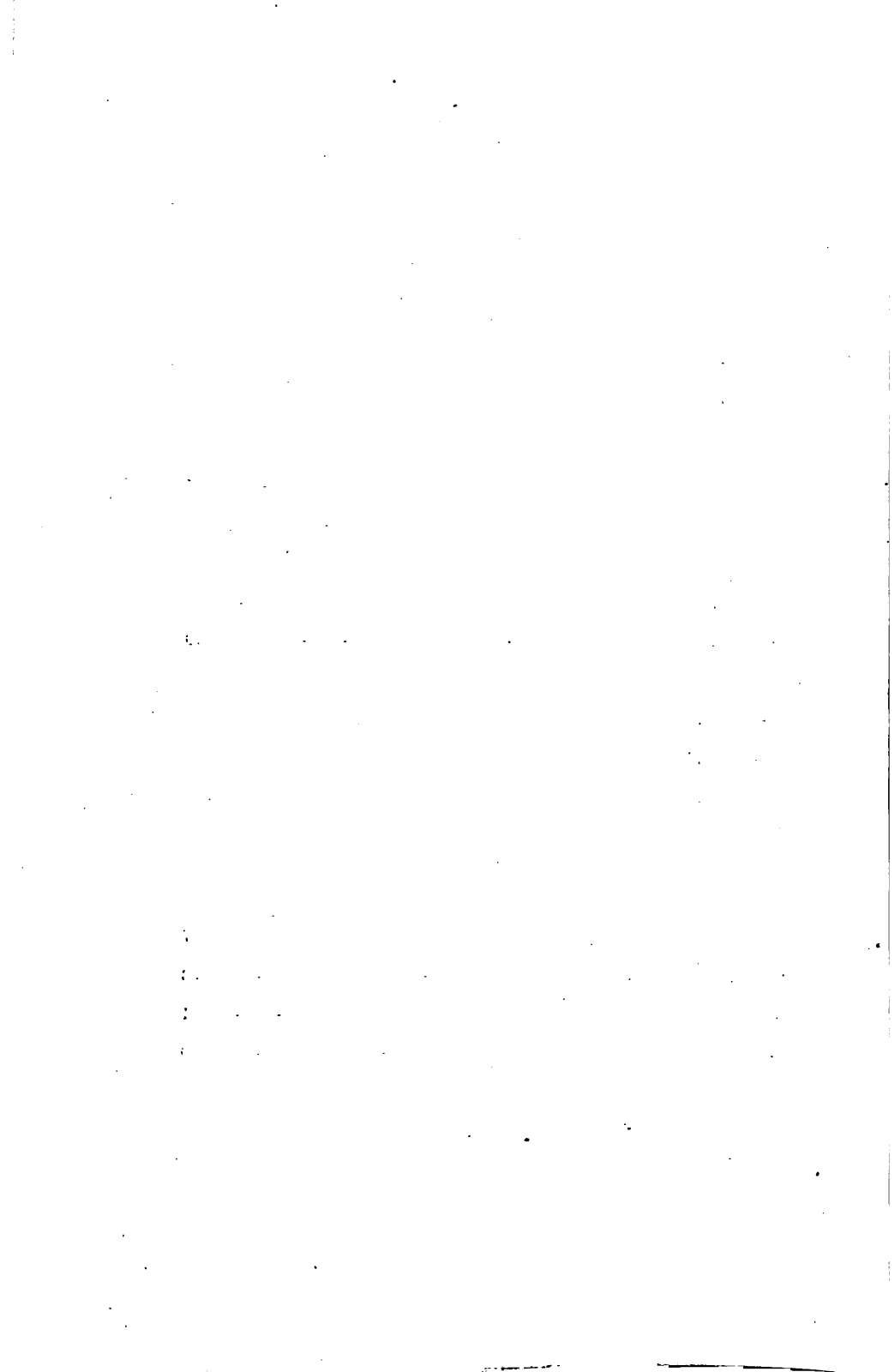
Edwards 7 Apr. 1943

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CHAPTER I.

DARTMOUTH TO ST. VINCENT.

Friday, 7th February, 1879.—We came aboard the good S.S. *Conway Castle* last evening in a steam launch, from the railway wharf at Kingswear, a distance of some 200 yards. The state-room we had selected was said to be the best on the ship : it was the most forward deck cabin on the port side, and had one port-hole looking towards the sea, and one large port-hole towards the bow, and a nice square window towards the gangway, which window also had a louvre—or, as my steward called it — “jealously board ;” the door opened on the same side as the window. Besides the two bunks, the lower of which I occupied, there was a nice sofa. Our first night’s rest had been much disturbed ; the pens in which the fowls, the geese, the ducks, the turkeys, and other animals were confined were just outside our state-room, some on the deck and some on the bridge above our heads ; and these animals did not fail to make their presence known long before the first streaks of daylight appeared. Although we were often disturbed by these animals afterwards, yet when we crossed the line we found that we had been correctly informed, and that our state-room was always the coolest place in the ship. One little incident that occurred last night is, I think, worth mentioning :—I was busily engaged writing letters, using my own ink-pot, a recent purchase, and very handy for the waistcoat-pocket, when a Frenchman asked to be allowed to use it. When he had finished with it, he said to me, with the greatest politeness, “Thank you, gentlemen.”—He was a Mr. Schwanzer, and we after-

wards met him on the steamship *Pretoria*, when travelling from Algoa Bay to Cape Town. Last night was a beautifully clear night, and the stars were shining brightly; but this morning we have it nasty, dirty, and squally, with sudden gusts of wind and frequent showers of rain. Up at 8.15 a.m., and after breakfast loafed about on deck in mackintosh. Dartmouth harbour is a beautiful place, quite land-locked, and with hills rising gradually from the water to a decent elevation, which are for the most part covered with woods. Then the town itself lies nestled in a little bay on the west side, with the principal houses peeping out from the woods. There are also one or two ravines to add beauty to the scene. All the morning small boats were hurrying to and fro: some bringing passengers aboard, some taking passengers ashore who wished to make good some forgotten purchase. A galley from H.M.S. *Britannia*, with six oars, came alongside to see some friend before they started. At 12.18 p.m. we were loosed from the buoys and our engines in motion, and five minutes afterwards we were out of the harbour. No sooner had the good ship put her nose outside than we found there was a regular sea running, and when we had rounded the Start Point we came into the full fury of the gale that was blowing. The ship pitched and rolled a good deal, and it was not long before she began shipping water. One by one the passengers went below. At 2 p.m. Old England was out of sight. We passed two ships on the port side and two on the starboard, also two steamers, which were rolling and pitching very much. At 4 p.m. I retired somewhat precipitately to my state-room, which I did not leave for the three following days.

Saturday 8th.—The ship rolled and pitched heavily all night long, which almost prevented sleep. The moon was shining nearly all the night, and the sea was breaking over the ship. As the water rolled back from the fore-castle, it came with immense thumps against the forward side of our state-room. At 8 a.m. sea not quite as rough; heavy swell running, but wind much abated. Mid-day:—heavy roll, succeeded by chopping sea, which gave much motion to the ship. Wind rose again towards night. Barometer fell during the afternoon, and was rising at 10 p.m.; so we expected better things. I remained in my state-room all day, as I did not feel well when I sat up, and going on deck was practically impossible, as the seas were constantly coming over the ship. We had been forewarned of the gale we were in by notices in the *Times*, that a series of depressions were approaching our coasts from the Atlantic.



Sunday 9th.—The gale was still blowing very hard and the ship rolling and pitching; in fact, the motion was the most violent we had yet experienced. The barometer kept dodging up and down between 29·84 and 29·47. Our state-room had four inches of water surging from side to side, and as often as our steward baled it out so often did it leak in again, so that this morning he gave it up and said we must wait for the gale to abate. Our sofa was now occupied with our four portmanteaux, this being the only means we had of keeping them out of the wet. The state-room next to ours had not a drop of water in it, but many of those below, more especially those near or under a steam winch, were also soaked; and the strain on the ship was so great that water leaked into some cabins through the plates of the ship. I remained in my state-room all day, more especially as it was the driest and most pleasant place. If I had gone on deck I should have been drenched in no time; if I had gone down into the saloon I should have found it close.

Mid-day :—weather still very strong with much pitching and rolling.

Evening :—wind much abated but heavy roll of the sea still left. While eating my dinner, at 7 p.m., a sad accident occurred. To ventilate the state-room I had opened the window facing the gangway, but had left the louvre board up. This I thought would ensure perfect safety, because if a sea struck the louvre board it ought to fall harmlessly to the ground. However, as I was enjoying my nice wing of boiled chicken and glass of lemonade, in came a sea and performed the most beautiful parabola over our portmanteaux and alighted upon me, in a moment rendering the enjoyment of the delicate wing and the nice refreshing lemonade impossible. This was annoying enough, but to add to this I was drenched through to the skin, and counterpanes, blankets, sheets, mattress, everything swamped. Well, I had to turn out, stand in four inches of water, unpack a portmanteau, and take out fresh things, and turn into the upper berth, thus turning my companion out, who was very kindly taken care of in the next cabin by a fat old party on his way to Port Elizabeth.

Monday 10th.—We are across the bay at last, but, to our dismay, to find the weather worse off the coast of Spain. All the morning we were rolling and pitching heavily, and through a very heavy sea with a strong head-wind. Remained in my bunk all day. About 4 p.m. all fore and aft sails were set, viz. : gib, fore trysail and main trysail, as the wind had chopped round a little to the westward. This did not seem to steady the ship at all, but to send her banging through the sea, and the seas came

over the bows in grand succession, one after another. The crew's quarters are all situated before the fore mast, and as the poor fellows ran from the gangway along the deck to the ladders down to their quarters they would get drenched through and through ; often they would fall over and roll away to the gunn'l, the deck being drenched was so slippery that they could not stand. During the morning a number of sheep were thrown overboard, having been drenched and drowned as they stood in their pens, or died from fear. Our friends, the cocks and hens, too, have been much quieter since the sea has been so lively. This evening the sea seemed to increase, and we pitched and rolled most violently ; the gale came from the S.W., and this was a trifle on our starboard bow. The gale was at its fury from 8 to 10 p.m., and during this time the ship gave one lurch, which brought a big wave over the deck, that struck the aft companion-way and stove in the starboard door and three of the windows, and landed some fifty tons of water below, partly in the bullion room but mostly in the saloon. The poor stewards, who had been much overworked by attending to the sick people, had now, at 10 p.m. their bed time, to set to work and bale out the saloon, at which business they were engaged until past one a.m. During the evening the second-class passengers, who were much affrighted, asked the chief officer how long it would be before the ship went down, and he quickly replied, "In twenty minutes ;" so they all made haste and strapped on their cork-belts. After the companion-way was stove in the captain altered his course and put the ship's bow right at the wind ; this saved us from any further mishap ; but during the first part of the night we rolled and pitched most fearfully—such heavy rolls as one does not soon forget, the ship lurching over something like 45°.

Tuesday 11th.—Having remained in my bunk since 4 p.m. on Friday, I was quite tired of lying down ; and, moreover, as I had, by this constant lying down, pains in several parts of my body, I determined to get up ; and at 7.30 I did so, hurried on my clothes, and went on deck. I at once went to visit the wreck of the aft companion-way. I found the carpenter had hastily nailed it up, and that a large tarpaulin had been thrown over the roof, and nailed and lashed fast. When breakfast-time arrived I had to make quite a journey to reach the saloon, as the companion-way was now firmly closed. I had to walk down the port gangway to the cook's galley, through the cook's galley to the starboard-gangway, on to the second-class companion-way, and then walk from that past the bath, engine-room

and offices, to the saloon. In so doing, I had to go through the smells of the kitchen, and all the stale smells of the closed-up passages below. This journey went a great way to take the keen edge off my appetite; but I did my best, and returned on deck feeling I had gained a victory. More dead sheep were thrown overboard this morning. The few passengers who were on deck—some twenty—were mostly without their shoes and socks. The sea was still running very high and the water constantly coming over. The sight was very grand: one of those sights that one does not wish to see twice, but which it has been my lot to see for the second time. The thing that I can compare it with most easily is the view from the summit of the Piz Languard. From that summit you see innumerable peaks rising up, for the most part with their tops tipped with snow, and then the valleys between them; this you see in every direction: and from the ship's deck, as far as the eye could reach, were nothing but high summits, all capped with white, and between the waves enormous gulfs. It seemed grand and dangerous in the extreme. Such a scene, depicted by Turner, would be sufficient to appal anyone.

At 2 p.m. we passed a barque, closely hauled, having up fore-topsail, main-topsail, gib, and main-topsail-staysail: she was riding the waves most beautifully, and we passed within three miles of her. During the night two of our sails had been blown away, and now a rent began in our fore-trysail, but being quickly hauled down, only went about ten feet.

Afternoon:—The wind had now abated a little, but the sea was still running very high. At 4 p.m., not knowing what to do, and not wishing to turn into my state-room, I climbed on to the top of the engine-house. I had not been there long, when one big lurch came, which nearly shot me over the gunn'l, and I just saved myself by clutching hold of some chains. I found one man up there—a steerage passenger—and I had some conversation with him. He was from Manchester, and was a safe-maker and a safe breaker. He told me that he had never been more than eight hours in breaking open a safe, and that was a small one, which he did not wish to injure. He had two sets of burglar's tools with him, and was going to the Cape in the hope of setting up as a safe-maker. He told me that Chubb & Whitlock, of Manchester, made far better safes now-a-days than Milner. I had a long chat with him about locks, and learnt several things that I did not previously know. I turned in at 8 p.m., and in spite of the motion, was soon soundly asleep.

Wednesday 12th.—Awoke at 6 a.m., having had a thoroughly good undisturbed night ; in fact, at first I could not believe it was so late ; but seeing the daylight creeping in, I was convinced. This had been a nine-hours' sleep ; such a rest I have not had for a week : the first night in Dartmouth harbour I was disturbed by the live stock ; and since then the nights have been too rough and the ship has rolled too much to permit of tranquil sleep. Last night the wind abated, and allowed the sea to moderate soon after I went to sleep ; hence my good night. This morning the wind seems gone,—the sailors term it “blown out,”—and we have only the heavy swell left, which may take several days to go down ; but we shall soon be in warmer climes and away from the influence of this dreadful five-days' gale. The storm has made the temperature much colder than on Sunday last, and the spray flying about and penetrating everywhere, has made all things damp.

Was up at 7 a.m., and went below for a bath, the first I had been able to take since I left home ; and oh, how pleasant it was to find the water not too cold, and to be able to have a thorough wash after the hurried rub at one's face and hands, with which we were obliged to be content while the gale lasted.

After my first hearty breakfast, I returned on deck, and soon witnessed quite a transformation scene. Prior to this, only the crew and some twenty passengers had been seen on deck ; but the weather had moderated, the wind gone down, and only an occasional roll of the ship was felt ; the sun, though not actually shining, was struggling through the clouds, giving considerable heat. First of all, I went aft to the quarterdeck : there, one by one, most of the saloon passengers came on deck ; the chairs were got out, then one white face, and then another, would be carefully led up on deck and escorted to the chair already prepared for them. In many instances, the leader of the weak one had not yet obtained his sea legs, and when a lurch came, both gave way and rolled down towards the gunn'l, unless their progress was arrested by a happy grasp—and a tight one, too—of some rope or securely-fixed portion of the ship. Then one recognized faces that we had not seen for days, and kind enquiries would take place on both sides.

After this I went forward to my state-room and spent two hours in setting things in order, putting wet things in one place and dry in another. But while thus engaged I chanced to look through my window on to the deck and saw the most striking scene. All the second-class and steerage

passengers, who had been penned up below—with the exception of a few very venturesome ones—were now on deck, airing and sunning themselves. Mothers with children, mothers without children, fathers belonging to some of the children, and men without wives or children, young men doing nothing, girls sewing, children playing, people well dressed, poorly dressed and badly dressed, but, I am glad to say, most of them clean. Some of the people were reading, many of them appeared to be thinking over their condition, this being the first opportunity afforded them of quietly meditating over this journey and their altered position in life. Some of the young men were playing leap-frog somewhat roughly, but one and all seemed truly thankful that the storm had abated and that we were in comparatively calm weather. The poor stewards had lately had a very hard time of it. Hard enough it is to carry about fluids and food when ones body has to be bent over to an angle of 80° to the ship's floor, but when a weak passenger, feeling his legs going, makes a sudden grasp for a steward, their work becomes not doubled but quadrupled. My steward bringing me up food last Sunday had a narrow escape. He was passing from the aft companion-way to the port gangway by the cooks' galley, a place through which the seas were constantly rushing, and where you had to wait your chance to get across; as he was crossing, holding in one hand a bottle of lemonade and a tumbler, in the other a plate of food and knife and fork, a luckless passenger feeling himself falling caught hold of the steward. The glass, food, and knife went over the gunn'l, and passenger and steward very nearly also; and more food and lemonade had to be fetched for me.

The carpenter has been busy all the morning setting right or rather commencing to mend the wreck of the aft companion-way. After uncovering it the full extent of the damage was seen, one door and three windows stove in. The carpenter seems a cheerful man and friendly with everyone; he told me that he was busy making the front part for a theatre, to be used in the saloon, which we afterwards saw when completed. I was complaining this afternoon to the chief officer that there was no compass that I could easily get at, whereupon he immediately showed me the elevated one at the stern of the ship, which is supported upon two ladders, and which I had supposed could only be seen from above, but which I now found could be easily seen and read from below.

Passed a barque at 2 p.m. about eight miles off to starboard. At 4-30 p.m. we passed a three-masted fore and aft schooner on starboard

side, about 800 tons, and five-and-a-half miles off. She had all sails set except gaff topsail (mizen top-sail). This is not a common rig to meet, being nearly the same as Brassey's *Sunbeam*. After dinner the people on the fore-castle were playing on a banjo and making much noise. The stars were bright, and dear Orion was looking his best, right over our heads. The phosphorescence was very distinguishable this evening at the stern.

It has been a most enjoyable day, everyone seemed pleased and much interchange of friendly feeling took place.

Thursday 18th.—Bath at 6-80 a.m. Passed a barque on starboard bow at 7.30 a.m., fifteen miles off; also a steamer at 8 a.m., which we signalled and passed within one mile. After breakfast I went on the bridge with the second officer and obtained corrected Greenwich time. It was a beautiful morning, sea calm and sun quite hot; everyone on deck.

At 9.30 a.m. we sighted the north island of Madeira, and about 10.30 the larger island was visible, stretching away to the westward; as we neared it we saw fires on the hills, probably gorse burning. At mid-day we still had forty miles to run to Funchal. As we passed the signal station and lighthouse, on the extreme eastern point of the island, we signalled as follows:—S.S. *Conway Castle* wants 100 tons of coal, 50 sheep, 1,500 lbs. of beef, 60 fowls, 2,500 eggs, 800 lbs. of veal; we are all well. Now this seemed an absurdly large order, and at first I thought they must be chaffing, but when you hear that we had thrown overboard thirty-seven sheep you can soon see that such an order was wanted. After passing the lighthouse we steamed quietly along, and after rounding a second point Funchal came in sight. The rocks along the coast appeared of igneous origin, and in some places formed high cliffs, and in others sloped back gently forming valleys. At 3.15 we anchored. The hills rise suddenly behind Funchal, and the houses are built one above the other, surrounded by vineyards, and everything looked very nice—green and beautiful.

Very soon the boats came alongside with small boys to dive for pennies, then the Custom House Official and Messrs. Donald Curries' Agent. The news of the terrible disaster to the 24th at Sandhswana flew like wild fire through the ship. Then came various wares aboard to tempt the passengers, viz.:—fruit, chairs, baskets, artificial flowers, parrots, birds, inlaid boxes, baby linen, embroidery, and photographs. Then there was

such a struggling between the native boats to take the first passenger ashore, in fact, the port gangway was broken down by their fighting. Finding that Mr. Blandy was in England I did not go ashore, and made my bargain for a chair aboard. At 6 p.m. all the Portuguese were cleared off the decks and bundled overboard. Now was the time for bargains—chairs previously seven shillings were sold for three shillings or half-a-crown, a pair of parrots formerly thirty shillings were sold, I think, for ten shillings, and everything in the same proportion. At 6.45 p.m. we steamed off, leaving one of Lamport and Holt's steamers in the bay. We landed seventeen passengers and took two aboard. By order of the Government we proceeded for St. Vincent, to take on board the latest telegrams and despatches. At 10.30 p.m. we got into the north-east trades, and our fore topsail and trysail were set.

Friday 14th.—Bath at 6 a.m. after a bad night, as the state-room was too hot, and the new live stock taken aboard were too noisy for sleep. The sea was calm, but a good Atlantic swell from the westward kept the ship rolling vigorously. During the morning I corrected my watch again, with the kind assistance of the second officer, and also my aneroid. I also enjoyed my new Madeira chair, or, to speak more correctly, one belonging to some one else, mine being occupied by Mr. Grub. This is a very common thing on board ship for people to sit down in chairs which they know do not belong to them, and then to wait until the owner turns them out. It was a perfect day; the sea clear and blue, the north-east trade blowing nicely, and aiding us in our voyage, and making the ship feel cool and comfortable; and the sun was shining in all its glory.

At 11.30 we passed the *Dunrobin Castle*, about four-and-a-half miles off. She was the ship that brought the news of the Zulu disaster to St. Vincent, and was now on her way to England. We also passed the most westward island of the Canary group, Palma. Had several pleasant chats to-day; everyone seemed happy, as sea-sickness was now a thing of the past.

The star Canopus, being $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above the horizon, I thought it possible that the Northern Star in the Southern Cross would be visible at 12.40, and I remained on deck until nearly midnight; when the clouds gathered up, and I turned in.

Saturday 15th.—Bath at 7 a.m. A little rain fell once or twice this morning. As I have little to say to-day, I will give a short description

of the good ship, *Conway Castle* :—She is 349 feet long, and 39 feet 3 inches beam, and is drawing just 20 feet 5 inches. She is 1899 net tonnage, and 2966 gross tonnage. She was built and commenced running in the autumn of 1877. She is 370 nominal horse-power, and has five watertight compartments. She is now on her sixth trip to the Cape.

Captain John Howson is commodore of the Currie fleet. He is a man slightly above the middle height, has short beard and whiskers of iron-grey, a keen eye, and a determined face; his gait has an air of importance (similar to all commodores); he is very taciturn, but on enquiry I learn that he has recently lost his wife, and this will readily account for that.

The chief officer—Mr. Newman—is a very jolly fellow, has seen service in the Pacific Mail Company in South America, East and West Coast; was at Buenos Ayres when Brassey's yacht was there. He is full of fun and jokes, and does his best to keep everyone amused. He is short, and has a red beard.

Second officer.—Mr. Pakeman is short, and has a dark beard; is very nice; is the navigating officer, and has not much time to spend with the passengers.

Third officer.—Mr. Young is tall and interesting, seems busy with his duties, but very ready to give me information, and desirous to sell me an old sextant.

Fourth officer.—Mr. Lewis is very short and very quiet.

The Purser—Mr. Dymond—is very short of stature and very youthful in appearance; but my steward tells me that he carries his age very well, and really is a middle-aged man. He is very affable, and always a favourite with the passengers—especially the ladies.

The chief engineer is a short Scotchman, and very quiet, but I should think knows his duties well.

The chief Steward—Mr. Hughes—is a tall, thin man, with short beard, tending to iron-grey: very amusing, and was invaluable at the theatricals, which were held later on.

The carpenter is a tall, well-built man, with a pleasant word for everyone. The five days' Biscay gale had given him a great deal of extra work. His beard is the most remarkable thing about him: it apparently looks about four inches long, but when on Sundays he appears in full dress, with his beard nicely washed and combed out, the length of the

beard is nearly two feet. He says this beard is very useful for smuggling, as the custom-house officers never dream of searching it.

My bedroom steward—Bliss—is a tall young fellow, thin, very good tempered, and willing to do anything. He was an errand boy at Ferris's, but ran away to sea; first serving in a schooner trading to the east, then as A.B. on board the yacht of Viscount Newry—who, he says, the rougher the weather, the better he liked it;—and now on board the *Conway Castle*.

We left England with 175 passengers, landed seventeen at Madeira and took two aboard; and the crew numbers 92—Total 267.

Amongst the Madeira passengers was Canon Smith, the only clergyman on the ship, except two Wesleyan missionaries. Sailors have a dread of clergymen, and say that passages are always rough when they are on board; and we certainly found their statement correct. There were several other nice people amongst those who left us at Madeira. Amongst the Cape Town passengers were Hon. Arthur Capell, youngest son of the Earl of Essex, and Wynn Healey, his tutor; (with whom I afterwards travelled to Worcester and Natal, returning with them in the *Walmer Castle*, when forsaken by my original companion). Also Mr. Charles Lascelles, an artist, who played excellently, and amused us much by his comic and other singing in the evenings. He was travelling with a Dr. and Mrs. Leonard, the latter of whom acted with him in the theatricals.

There were five newly-married couples,—bridegrooms who had been to England for wives, and were now returning with them.—They had adjoining cabins. One couple were very incongruous—an old man of sixty and a young girl of twenty-four. The gentleman had lately been appointed to a post on some harbour works, and married before coming out. One lady, in particular, we all felt very much for.—She was only nineteen, and had married a South African merchant. He was most rude and unkind to her, even before others. We thought that she could little have counted all the hardships of housekeeping, etc., in addition to rough usage from her husband. Another couple:—The gentleman a tall, stalwart man, who wears a planter's hat, and has little tufts of hair on his chin. He is now a diamond digger, and is returning from the Bermudas *via* New York, where he has been on a successful search for a wife. She a nice little woman; and he thought so, too, for he kept a good look out after her; and none of the gay young officers were allowed to chat with her. We afterwards heard that they were upset while proceeding up to Kimberly in a coach, and that she was considerably injured.

We had eight doctors, going out to join the army in Natal. One of them was a short, elderly man, who wore a Chinese straw hat with a white linen cover. He spent most of his time in reading heavy books, and consulting the other seven doctors how to treat certain cases. He did not seem to me to be a man to whom I should have cared to entrust myself in illness. We afterwards heard that he was attached to the Native Contingent—a post to which he was well suited. Then there was a gentleman of Port Elizabeth, a short, well-filled-out man, who had long hair and a long, square beard of iron-grey, and curly at the end. He was a good sailor: one who never missed a meal, and always did his duty at meal-times. He was said to consume a whole dish of sweets to himself every evening, and to eat his bacon with his fingers. He was coming out to settle a divorce, which his wife had instituted in his absence. Then there was a gentleman who was known as “The Consumptive Cockroach,” because he was thin, pale-looking, spoke without the aid of his nose, and grumbled, grunted, and complained about everything and everybody. We also had some young officers, joining their regiments in Natal; and some other young men, going out in the hope of falling in with something out there. There was a tall young English farmer and his new wife, going out to farm in the Transvaal; but, owing to the disturbances, their plans were somewhat altered. We afterwards met them at Maritzburg, and found that they had made friends with Willie Badock.

I must not omit the young ladies aboard. There were four: one, a young girl of fourteen, who was generally known as “Plumcheeks,” to whom the ship’s doctor took a great fancy. The others appeared to be going out as governesses. One of them was a nice, fat, good-tempered English girl, bound for Algoa Bay. A second was a dark, thin, slim girl, apparently Scotch, bound for the same port. And the third, a very pale girl, with an hysterical laugh, bound for Durban.

There was a short, thin Yankee, who managed to prevent all the passengers from discovering his object for the voyage. When asked, he would reply that his journey was “in search of an appetite.” We all considered this a curious reply; but not till we reached Cape Town did we find that he was the pioneer of a set of Christy’s Minstrels, who came out in the *German*. He had gone forward to secure rooms; and when he found that Mr. Lascelles and Mrs. Leonard were on board, he assumed another name, and the moment the ship touched the dock at Cape Town he landed, rushed up into the town, and secured the best rooms for a

month. Later in the day Lascelles landed, and found the Yankee had been beforehand.

We were exceedingly fortunate in only having one child amongst the saloon passengers : its parents were very common people, and took no care of the child, who, knowing no better, made himself very offensive.

There was a party of twelve Cornish miners among the steerage.

I was known as "The Astronomer Royal," being often seen carrying about thermometers and taking temperatures and other observations ; and it was generally thought that I was going out to take Stone's place at Cape Town Observatory.

To return to my log : afternoon was most lovely ; sea calm, sun warm but not too hot. At 8 p.m. we passed a steamer—schooner-rigged—on our port bow, twelve miles off. A Portugese stowaway has been found since we left Madeira ; he will probably be landed at St. Vincent ; but in the meantime he is made to work hard for his food down in the hot stoke-hole. We crossed the tropic of Cancer about 8 p.m.

Sunday 16th.—Bath at 7 a.m. During breakfast a big lurch occurred, and landed a quantity of water down the aft companion-way.

At 10 a.m. we had the usual Sunday inspection of the ship's crew, which was not held last Sunday owing to stress of weather. Divine service was held in the saloon at 10.30. The captain read the prayers. Jackson's Te Deum and two hymns were nicely accompanied by Mr. Chas. Lascelles, who played a voluntary at the conclusion. At 11.30 we passed a steamer on our port bow, fifteen miles off, said to be a Union boat. At 12.0 p.m. a schooner on port bow, fifteen miles off, with those sails up, viz. : gib, fore-topsail with two reefs in it, main topsail-staysail, and spanker. At 3.30 p.m. passed a steamer on port bow, said to be a Currie boat. At 4.0 p.m. a schooner, which passed quite near, and asked for longitude, which was chalked on a board and held up on the bridge. She was a North German ship, her name, KBTW, not being in the Code Book. Flying fish were constantly seen from the bows of the ship. I was much disappointed in their small size.

CHAPTER II.

ST. VINCENT TO CAPE TOWN.

Monday 17th.—We had made two very good runs during the last two days, and could have arrived at St. Vincent about 8.0 a.m.; but the Captain not thinking this advisable, went half speed after 1.30 a.m.

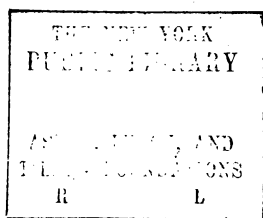
At 7 a.m. land was sighted on our starboard bow; and soon after, the low, northern point of the island of St. Vincent. The surf was breaking along the shore. As the island came more in sight, it looked to us a barren place; the hills being of the most fantastic shapes, clearly showed its igneous origin. Twenty places could readily be pointed out where the summit ridges gave the Duke of Wellington's profile. We steamed quietly round, and at 8.30 a.m. dropped anchor in the open roadstead of Porto Grande. At the signal station, we were told to wait for immediate instructions. During the morning, several of the passengers took the opportunity of going ashore, but I did not trouble to, as the wharf was nearly two miles off, and the sun was pouring down on the town with sweltering heat, and the place appeared bare and barren, and not worth visiting.

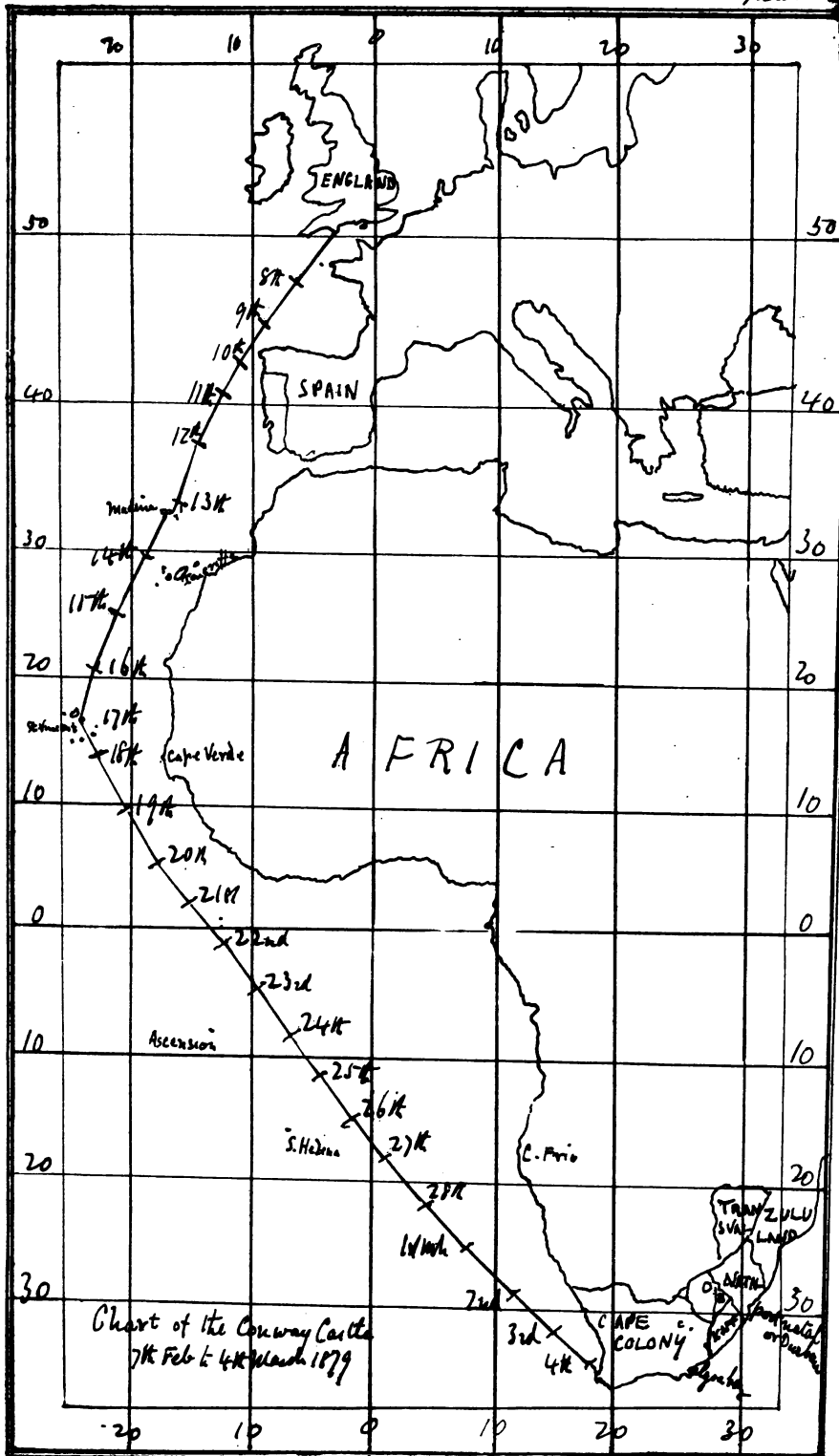
Small natives came alongside to dive for pennies and other coins. Oranges, lemons, sugar canes, hats and shells were brought aboard for sale. Any number of that curious jelly fish known as "Portuguese Men-of-War" were floating about. They have a red comb down their back, which they set up when they want to sail, and the wind blows them along; underneath they are purple. They are said to have a nasty sting.

There were a number of ships lying in the roadstead:—The S.S. *Trent*, of London; a Royal Mail steamer—Brazilian boat—with her engines broken down; the S.S. *Hamburg*, of Hamburg, which left the harbour at 1 p.m., for the South; and a number of sailing ships.

While we were lying here H.M. despatch boat, *Firebrand*, steamed in.—GRLW.

At mid-day a ship, lying in the harbour, weighed anchor and signalled to the other ships "Adieu," which was responded to by "A pleasant voyage."





Having received the despatches we weighed anchor at 4.30 p.m., dipping our ensign to the *Firebrand*, who returned our salute. By 6 p.m. the island of St. Vincent was out of sight, and we on our direct course for Cape Town. During the evening we had a concert and afterwards dancing. I turned in at 8.30, being much wearied by the extreme heat of the day.

Tuesday 18th.—Bath at 6.40. Lovely morning; sea calm, and strong north-east trade to help us. Many flying fish about us. At 2 p.m. a cricket match was played between the saloon and second-class passengers: this created some hours' diversion; awnings and canvass were fixed up, and only two or three balls were lost. The second-class won.

Wednesday 19th.—Very hot night, thermometer standing at 78°, which made sleep all but impossible. Lovely day, but sun burning hot; sea quite calm and just resembling oil. Flying fish very abundant; small shoal of porpoises seen at 3 p.m. Great preparations going on for the theatricals; the carpenter especially busy in fixing up the screens. Our steward placed a tin arrangement in our seaward port-hole to-day, which acts like a fan and drives the air into the cabin as the ship passes along. Saw the Southern Cross before I turned in, about 20° above the horizon.

Thursday 20th.—Slept with a sheet only, and three windows open. Bath at 6.15. Walked the deck from seven to eight with very little clothes on. It is a well-known privilege that gentlemen have on board ship in tropical regions to appear on deck before eight o'clock dressed as they like, hence, pijamas are always considered sufficient; ladies are not expected to come on deck until after eight, when the gentlemen turn in and make themselves a little more respectable. We have a breeze this morning, little more than cats' paws, however, but it is sufficient to give a draught and make travelling a little less irksome. This breeze died down at mid-day. To-day the thermometer rose to 87° in the shade; this was the highest it reached during the voyage, but it did not feel the hottest day as it was not the closest. After dinner we had a great deal of sheet lightning, which at times was very vivid and near the ship; at 10 p.m. a regular downpour of rain.

At 8 p.m. we had theatricals, commencing with the "Happy Pair," by Mrs. Leonard and Mr. Healey; followed by "Turn him out," by Messrs. Webster and Leonard, Miss Evans, the purser and chief officer. It was concluded at 9.30 p.m., but the heat in the saloon during the theatricals

was very great, as almost all the passengers and most of the crew were present.

Friday 21st.—Bath at 6.20. Tried to take some walking exercise but found it very fatiguing from the great heat, 80°. We are still north of the line, and do not expect to cross it until 8 a.m. tomorrow. Chatted a good deal to Hanmer to-day, whom we saw at the Bristol station all done up in furs. He told me he intends hiring a cape cart and going up country from Cape Town.

After dinner, at 8 p.m., we had an evening performance entirely supported by the second-class passengers, which commenced with a Christy Minstrels' performance in due form—songs and jokes. One of the best jokes was—"Why is our skipper like an old washerwoman?" Answer—"Because he is going to put us all across the line." After the Christys' came a farce, entitled, "Bombastes furioso," in which the chief steward acted Bombastes. The king was very badly done by a man named Bradford, who became nervous and forgot his part, and thus gave intense amusement to the audience, who cried out "encore," and thus completed his discomfiture. A decent girl of twenty-three, going out to East London to be married, acted Distafina; she enjoyed it most thoroughly, although ill at ease with her arms.

Before I turned in I had a good view of the real Southern Cross, what I had seen a few days previously being a constellation somewhat to the north of it.

Saturday 22nd.—Cooler last night. We crossed the line at 8 a.m.; many of the second-class passengers were on deck singing and making a noise, but I was asleep and did not feel the ship give the lurch and the bump as she actually went over the line into the southern latitudes. Bath at 6.15. The day was very nice, the wind quite fresh, so much so that one could not sit on the windy—starboard—side.

After dinner we had a concert, commencing with a prelude by Lascelles, then songs by Lascelles, Mrs. Leonard and Healey; followed by a recitation from Hughes (chief steward)—"Charge of the Light Brigade." Then came a farce, "Maid of Auvergne," in which Mrs. Leonard was the maid, Lascelles the blacksmith, and Dr. Leonard the cobbler. Acting of first two was very nice, but the cobbler was weak and produced much applause.

Sunday 23rd.—Bath 6 a.m. At 10 a.m. the usual weekly inspection of the crew, in one long line on the port side of the quarter deck. At

this inspection all the crew turn out, with the exception of the officer on the bridge, one quartermaster engaged in steering, one engineer and one greaser engaged down in the engine room, and a few stokers. At the top of the line stood the carpenter, then the quartermaster and able bodied seamen ; *vis à vis* to them the officers and boatswain. Then come the greasers and stokers *vis à vis* the engineers. Then the stewards, cooks, butchers, &c., *vis à vis* the head steward. The line being duly formed the skipper and chief officer walk down the ranks, each man touching his cap as the captain passes ; then the boatswain pipes and the inspection is over.

At 10.80 morning prayers by the captain ; Lascelles being slightly indisposed Healey kindly presided at the piano. Prayers at sea always seem very impressive, more especially on a long voyage like the present, when we know that there are still many days before we can see land.

Monday 24th.—Bath at 6.15, and an hour's walk before breakfast as usual, by which time my appetite becomes very keen. The chief officer went round this morning soliciting subscriptions and entries for the atheletic sports, fixed for tomorrow, Tuesday.

This was a great day for one person aboard ; for two days previously great preparations had been going on in the construction of a kite ; first the wood, then the paper, then the gum, had to be searched for, and finally the string. To-day, all things being ready, the grand attempt to fly it came off about mid-day. The kite was carefully lowered over the stern sheets, and after bobbing about for a moment or two in the current formed by the ship, began to rise nicely, when, oh, horror ! the breaking strain of the string was reached, and the work and labour of nearly three days quietly sank astern.

As we have been aboard more than a fortnight some of us are beginning to think the food is falling off.

On board ship it is very difficult to take sufficient exercise, as there can be no possible purpose beyond that of improving one's appetite, more especially in the tropics, where walking at all times makes you immediately very warm. Now, our grumbling may be partly accounted for by want of appetite. We have a very good *menu*, but one that after a few days seems always the same : this is caused by the number of stock dishes, *e.g.*, the joints, fowls, and currie. However, up to the present time the food has been very nice, and, as far as I can remember, much better than we had while crossing the Atlantic in the Cunard S.S. *Russia*.

To-day we have a head wind, which retards the ship, sends all the perfumes from the cooks' galley down to the quarter-deck, and affords another reason for bad appetite.

Now we have crossed the Line, and are getting into cooler weather, we can say, with much satisfaction, that our state-room has been the coolest place in the ship, both by day and night, and are thoroughly pleased with our choice.

Everyone complains to-day of the heat, and many assert that it is the warmest day we have had: it may be the closest, but my highest reading has been 80° , and this is 7° lower than the reading taken on the 20th in lat. 5° N.

Tuesday 25th.—Bath at 7 a.m. The morning looked dull and inclined for rain, but cleared up, and became a lovely day after breakfast.

After lunch we had the athletic sports—one of the great events of the voyage. The programme was:—

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Standing long jump | 4. Walking race | 7. Hopping race |
| 2. Making the reach | 5. Long jump | 8. Cock fighting |
| 3. High jump | 6. Eye-ing the bird | 9. Tug of war. |

No. 1.—I did not see this contest.

No. 2.—Was very good. The man with the longest legs and arms would seem to have the greatest advantage; but after stooping down, leaning on one hand, and chalking as far as the other hand could reach, an erect position has to be regained, without touching the deck with the second hand. Hence the long-legged men overreach themselves. The second officer—Mr. Pakeman—a short man, reached the farthest and regained his position. They say he never has been beaten, and that he is very strong in the wrist.

No. 3.—High jump, Webster and Lloyd ran one another very close in this, both of them being very tall and out of training. Lloyd won in the final heat. There were two or three ties to be jumped for third prize, and the winner of this actually jumped higher than Lloyd, the winner of the 1st prize, whose jump was four feet nine inches.

No. 4.—Several entered for this; but the distinction between running and walking is very slight, and the general opinion was that all the competitors ran.

No. 5.—Dr. Gordon, the ship's doctor, very nearly won this, being just beaten by a second-class passenger, who jumped thirteen feet nine inches.

No. 6.—Eye-ing the Bird. A large bird is drawn on the deck with chalk, and a line is also drawn about ten yards off. Each competitor is blindfolded, turned round, and then has to judge his distance, and make his mark as near the bird's eye as possible. There was only one prize offered ; but as no agility was required, there were a large number of entries. There was much fun over this. Several walked straight into the steam winch ; others went far past the bird. One man—Dr. Bain—was seven inches off ; another fellow—who I shall always believe saw under the handkerchief—was three inches off ; two or three were two feet six inches ; one marked the leg, another the tail of the bird. One man, who was going out to the Transvaal as a farmer, went beyond his wife, and made his mark at the feet of a newly-married diamond-field-merchant's wife.

No. 7.—The hopping race. This became very amusing, as the ship was rolling, and spoilt the calculations of the best hoppers. Several fell sprawling. One man—very tall, and with a planter's hat—looked just like a kangaroo when hopping. In the final heat Webster and Lloyd were again left ; but an early lurch of the ship rolled Lloyd over, and so Webster hopped over at his leisure.

No. 8.—The cock-fighting was grand, and produced much merriment. Ryves bowled over several very easily, and Webster did the same. Then came the final tussle between Ryves and Webster, which was very severe, but after two or three rounds Ryves bowled Webster over.

No. 9.—The Tug of War. Saloon v. second-class—twelve from each. A strong rope was provided, and the captain carefully chalked the line and set the men. In the first heat, after two minutes' good pulling, the saloon gave way ; in the second heat, changing sides, the saloon pulled over the second-class. Then came the third and final heat, in which both sides were determined to win. The sides were changed again ; and thus the second-class stood on the ground where two victories had already been gained. After a very severe struggle, the second-class won. My opinion still is that one end of the ground had a little chalk on it, and that this gave the advantage to which ever party stood there, for there could not have been a better match of strength.

This ended the sports, which had thoroughly amused the passengers for a whole afternoon. Miss Phillips, under the guidance of the chief officer, gave away the prizes.

Wednesday 26th.—Bath at 7.15. There was a slight drizzle during

the morning. Corrected my watch again, by the courtesy of the second officer, and ascertained the daily gain to be 5''·875, or one minute in ten days.

Thursday 27th.—We had another cricket match this afternoon, in which the saloon passengers were again successful.

We had a musical evening, to which Mrs. Leonard and Messrs. Lascelles, Healey and Newsome kindly contributed. Dr. O'Hallaghan and the chief officer also gave recitations.

Friday 28th.—Quiet day; nothing to record. Lovely sunset: the clouds stratus-like almost down to the horizon, and very low; the sun shining on the sea, and the light reflected up again to a portion of the clouds which lay nearer to us. As the sun sank lower (if I may so speak) it lighted the under side of these clouds and tipped them red, he being still yellow. A fantastic lake with a promontory for landing, a golden city, a pale green sea, and further off a string of volcanoes, could be clearly distinguished in this truly magnificent sunset.

Saturday, March 1st.—Weather much cooler to-day, the water in the bath feeling quite cold. The third officer reports having seen numerous sharks early this morning near the ship; a land bird was noticed near the ship. Since we crossed the line we have to look north for the sun, and also must speak no longer of the sunny south but of the sunny north.

Sunday 2nd.—Very fine sunrise, followed by a lovely day. The clouds were reflected on the sea, and gave it a most beautiful opalescent effect. Inspection at 10 a.m. and prayers at 10.30 a.m. At 8 p.m. we sighted a good-sized barque on our starboard bow, about twelve miles off. She was going well, under all her square canvass, and is the first ship we have seen since we left St. Vincent, thirteen days ago. The sailing ships keep much further to the west, in order to make as much use as possible of the trade winds.

Mid-day the sea became a little fresh; the head wind increasing, a good deal of spray came over, and we found we were fast getting into the African swell that we had been promised we should have for the last two days of our voyage.

Monday 3rd.—Sea fresher and breaking over the bows, swell heavier. During the night a batch of chairs were sent overboard, mine amongst the number; we believe that a drunken, dissolute, Natal horse-dealer was the culprit, but we could not actually prove it against him.

All the boats were made taut, but some considerable excitement was caused by boat No. 4 breaking away. It appears that by some means the patent apparatus for fastening to the davits became loose, and, dis-entangled from the stern davit, the boat was immediately left hanging from the remaining davit. The stern of the boat was swayed and bumped against the good ship; ropes and hawsers were brought and passed under the boat, and finally one daring seaman climbed down the davit and into the boat as she swung vertically, and right down to the stern, where he hooked on the displaced davit. During part of the time this man had one of his legs hanging over the side of the boat, and as she swayed and bumped against the ship we all thought that he must have his leg broken. After the davit was made fast little time was lost in hauling the boat up to her place, but the affair gave us quite one hour's excitement. I learnt that the damage done was estimated at £40.

At 5 p.m. we passed a ship on our port bow.

Tuesday 4th.—Heavy swell; half a gale blowing right ahead. Sea has quite changed colour, being a dull green. Table Mountain behind Cape Town was sighted at 10 a.m., and the coast near Dassen Island soon after; but I did not clearly see the Mountain until 12.30. At midday we had forty-seven miles left to do, and this was a great trial to some of us, as it precluded all possibility of our sending letters home by the mail leaving at 4 p.m. that day. As we neared Table Bay, Table Mountain became more and more visible; but much of the grandeur was lost, as the summit and much of its northern side were covered with the well-known table-cloth, by which all old "Salts" said there was a fine sou'easter blowing in the bay. And so it was. When we reached the bay and let go our anchor at 5 p.m., the tops of the waves were being carried away by the force of the wind in perfect clouds of spray. We could scarcely stand on the deck against the force of the wind.

The view from the ship was not very striking. What could be seen of Table Mountain and the hills on either side—the Devil's Pulpit on the left and the Lion on the right—looked very grand, but Cape Town appeared very insignificant.

At 5.15 p.m. Captain Anderson, the port master, came off in a whale boat, which was tossed about in the sea like a nutshell, and shipped plenty of water; after twenty minutes she came alongside and made fast to a rope; then, although we were steady as a rock, this little boat went up and down, and seemed to be in much danger of capsizing. The

captain enquired, "All well aboard?" and after a satisfactory answer, soon ran up a rope ladder, which had been lowered. Then came the usual rush for news, of which he brought very little; in fact, nothing about the Zulus. The English papers and Cape Town letters were lowered into the whale boat with much difficulty; and after an hour's chat he went ashore.

We were left to sleep on board another night, which made my 27th, as it was quite impossible to take so large a ship into the dock with such a strong sou'easter blowing right across the entrance.

We had taken twenty-five days and four hours from the time we left Dartmouth to the time we anchored in Table Bay, which included three-and-half hours' detention at Madeira, and eight hours' at St. Vincent.

CHAPTER III.

CAPE TOWN AND WYNBERG.

Wednesday, 6th March.—About 7 a.m. we heaved our anchor and steamed into dock. The S.E. wind was still blowing very freshly and right across the entrance of the dock, making it anything but easy to navigate the ship. As we were entering, the wind did take hold of the after part of the ship and swung it round, thus forcing us nearly against the quay wall, but when our bows were within ten inches the gib was run up, and the wind taking good hold of it, slew the ship round again, and we passed in unscathed.

Owing to the gale the mail steamer was unable to leave yesterday afternoon, and was now waiting with steam up to depart. The moment we were made fast our steward was despatched with a huge bundle of letters, upon each of which a sixpence had been paid. It afterwards transpired that one of the stewards on board the *Nyanza*—the mail steamer—took them and posted them all in England at a penny a-piece, and even the penny stamp was forgotten on some of them.

We were made fast to the quay at 7.30 a.m., and at our 8.30 breakfast had peaches and water-melons. Then came the collecting and packing of all our parcels—eight in number—bidding adieu to the stewards. About ten o'clock we drove off in a hansom with our baggage to the custom house, where we were kept waiting a few minutes and then ushered into the chief's room, who asked us a few questions, principally as to fire-arms, and then passed us without any searching whatever. I think I have never passed through a custom house with so little fuss. But it was not so with the man who preceded us; he had a large deal box carefully lined with tin, containing pictures; this raised their suspicion, and was ripped open and one of the pictures taken out, and the unfortunate traveller left to fasten it up before proceeding further. From what I heard I think they must make it a practice of opening every other person's luggage, unless he be a Jew, and then it is sure to be opened. We next drove to Messrs. Anderson and Murrison, the Currie agents, at Cape Town. Our tickets were taken from London to Natal, with leave

to stay at Port Elizabeth for a month on our way up; but we were thoroughly tired of the water, and also wished to hear more about the state of Natal before going on. So we called at their office for leave to break our journey at Cape Town instead of Port Elizabeth, which was readily granted. We then drove to the railway station, which is a nice fine building, having all the offices in the upper part, and below telegraph and ticket offices, waiting rooms, etc. Finding we had one hour before the train started, we strolled up Adderly Street to the Government Avenue, which is very fine, about a mile long, and having two rows of grand old oaks, which give abundant shade from the heat of the sun. We returned to the station and left in the 11.45 a.m. train for Wynberg. On the voyage out we had heard such bad accounts of the hotel accommodation in Cape Town, and of the inconvenience caused by the S.E. wind now very prevalent, that we decided to go straight to Wynberg and remain there at least a week, that we might look round and collect some few ideas of South Africa.

The railway journey is eight miles, and takes thirty-four minutes. The line runs along the shore of Table Bay under Table Mountain for two miles, and then goes inland, skirting the flanks of the Devil's Peak. The third station is Observatory Road, being seven minutes' walk from the world-famed Cape of Good Hope Observatory. Beyond this the line runs through forests, mostly of pines, all the way to Wynberg. At Rondebosch there are many nice houses and well-kept gardens; oleander, plumbago, and other beautiful flowers growing luxuriantly. In fact, all the way to Wynberg there are numbers of nice houses, where all Cape Town merchants who can afford it live, in order that they may escape the dreaded S.E. winds. We had pleasant passengers for this little journey, especially one gentleman who got out at Newlands, and informed us that there was an hotel, called "Rathfelders," lately reopened by a new man, and in a very healthy position about two miles from the station.

Arrived at the station, we took a Cape cart and drove to Cogill's hotel, which is as well known as the Hotel Bristol, or Long's, in Bond Street, and is only five minutes' walk from the railway station. We were received nicely, but not with any show of pleasure, and told that they were full. We were very sorry for this, as the place looked very clean and quiet, and there appeared to be some nice people staying there. Now we remembered the Newland gentleman's advice and drove on to Rathfelders. The road is quite straight, and for the most part through a forest of lofty fir

trees ; the road also is good, hard, even, and broad, and in as good order as any English turnpike road. Twenty minutes brought us to Rathfelders, which Anthony Trollope describes as the Diep River hotel. This seemed a very decent building, with one or two houses and sheds around it, and stretching out in front of it is an open space, covered with low herbs, trending far away to the mountains, which form the backbone of the peninsula of which Table Mountain is the northern point, and Cape Point (more commonly known as Cape of Good Hope) the southern point. We entered the hotel and soon found the landlady, a German and comely withal, who did not seem anxious to take us in. In fact, she said she had no rooms ; and then she told us plainly, that her husband had only taken possession of the place on the 1st March, and that the bedrooms were not furnished ; but if we remained, she would promise that we should be made comfortable before night. Now, I must be forgiven if I express myself really as I felt. The place seemed very strange,—this wilderness in front, which we afterwards learnt to call “veldt,”—the barren and unfurnished state of the house,—seeing no people about, except a short, fat old man, who talked a great deal in rather broken English, and said it was a fine place, very healthy, and that we should be thoroughly comfortable,—expecting to see wild Zulus rushing out of the woods and killing us with their dreadful assegais,—all these things made me feel anything but comfortable. About 4 p.m. the host—Mr. Hirsch—returned, and with him two passengers of the *Conway Castle*, old friends of his ; shortly afterwards Wynne Healey, Hon. Arthur Capell, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer and Loveridge turned up, and decided to stay. So, with these old *Conway* friends, I began to feel much more comfortable.

Some of us soon strolled out into the old Dutch garden at the back of the house, and admired its little oak avenue and skittle-ground. There were myrtle and aloe hedges, quince and fig trees, mealies, and many other things ; in fact, quite a well-stocked garden. The Diep River, that gives the name to the Hotel, runs through the garden, and is quite shut in by bushes. At this time of year it is merely a small brook ; but I was assured in the rainy season it sometimes becomes dangerous. We crossed it by a rustic bridge, and strolled out on the veldt beyond ; and many were the beautiful heaths that we found.

There were not many people staying in the hotel, but I will just describe them, that I may easily refer to them, if necessary :—And,

firstly, Mrs. R——, a lady of forty, and well connected in the neighbourhood, being related to several of the big wine growers : she is of Dutch origin. She is fat, a good height, very kind and generous ; has lately come into £16,000 a year from some uncles, and she gives it away most liberally to charities, in cheques of £5,000. Captain Ridge, wife and child, and sister. He is the Curries' agent at Durban, and is down here recruiting his health. He returned to Durban on the 6th, in the *Dunkeld*. Mrs. Ridge is very nice, of Scotch origin ; and I had the pleasure of sitting next to her for a fortnight. She is most devoted to her husband, her son, and her little baby-boy. Mrs. M—— and daughter, from Pieter Maritzburg. They have come down here to be out of the Zulu uproar, when Natal is overrun. They have lost a son or nephew in the Sandhswana massacre. The girl, just out last winter, being the only young lady here, carries off the palm of beauty ; but she has a large nose and rather a heavy figure, and has about five stock pieces for the piano, which she plays in succession like a street organ. Mr. and Mrs. W—— and son. He was the first person that I saw when I arrived at the Hotel. He is very short, has small legs, and is an immense size round the waist. We very unkindly nick-named him "Beer-barrel ;" this was too bad, as he was exceedingly kind, and did many things to render our stay pleasant to us. He is a digger, and has fifteen claims, and is known up country as "the Boss." He is a German, and speaks English imperfectly. He has lived in California, Chicago, Boston, Hamburg, etc. : his one fault is, that he gets very cross if the ladies are served before him at meals. His wife is a most charming Englishwoman, above the middle height, dark, with lovely black eyes and a good figure ; a very fascinating woman, and yet not a coquette. She does not talk rubbish, but is very entertaining ; was married at sixteen, and has travelled a great deal. She was so unfortunate as to be one of the passengers in the first trip of the Union Co.'s ship, *Durban*, which ran into the Needles, and had to transfer her passengers to the *Roman*, which also broke down, and repaired at St. Helena. Mrs. W—— was sixty days reaching Cape Town, and her husband was nearly out of his mind ; and when she did join him, he could not speak to her for a week. The son is at school in Wynberg, is very fond of fighting, and comes home each week with many scars and bruises about his face. Mrs. Stratham, wife of the editor of a Maritzburg paper.

One other young man—Shaw Smith—turned up after we had been

here a week. He was a passenger by the *German*, and was an old Oxford man.

These, with our party of seven, out of the *Conway Castle*, composed the people staying at Rathfelder's.

Thursday 6th.—We were all taken by Mr. W—— to see Mr. Rathfelder's house and vineyard. Some of us went in a Cape cart and pair. We drove along a nice road, through a forest of fir trees; passed a Mr. Cloeti's vineyard, and then along a narrow road and through a beautiful avenue of fir trees to the house. We were kindly received and taken out to see the vines; the grapes were now quite ripe, and bunch after bunch was pressed upon us. The vines are little bushes, from two feet to three feet high, and have no stakes to support them. Then they took us through some beautiful woods and along several nice avenues. Then to the wine cellar, where we tasted three sorts of wines, and afterwards to the house, where, under a shady verandah, we partook of Cape wine, cake, and fruit.

During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Tuthill, from the *Conway Castle*, and the ship's doctor, paid us a visit.

Friday 7th.—We drove into Cape Town in a Cape cart. The first seven miles were very nice, being mostly along a shady road, but the last three were opened and exposed to the sun, and over a rough road. The *S.S. German* had arrived from England, and we were able to fetch our first batch of letters from the post office. We visited the good ship *Conway Castle*, and fetched away a few things that we had left behind. We drove back at 1 p.m., but when we arrived at Newlands we took a road which brought us up under the hills, and under some nice trees we camped out and partook of our luncheon. One might easily imagine oneself to be driving through the country in England; the roads are similar, the houses are similar, and the woods are not dissimilar, as there are large quantities of oak trees. After lunch we returned to our hotel.

Saturday 8th.—About 8 p.m. we drove down to Kalk Bay in a farmer's cart, sitting on the top of a load of straw; the cart seemed to be almost destitute of springs, and we had a great jolting all the way down. We had to stop twice to mend the harness. Kalk Bay is a small watering place in the north-west corner of False Bay; it faces due south, and is a pleasant and cool place during the summer months. The road runs across the veldt in a straight line for four miles, and then at the base of the mountains to Kalk Bay. The sea seemed nice and refreshing, and the wind blew up pretty crested waves.

Simons Bay, England's only naval station in south Africa, is a few miles further on, and we could plainly see the ships riding in the bay. We met some more of our party, who had been collecting sea-weeds and shells, and returned with them in a Cape cart driven by young Rathfelder, with a pair of very spirited horses, and we had some excitement on our way home, expecting to be upset or run away with more than once.

Sunday 9th.—Very warm day. Most of our party drove to church, but as there was not room for all I remained at home and wrote letters.

Monday 10th.—Went into Cape Town by train, and down to the docks to see the *Taymouth Castle*. The Union Company had four of their ships lying side by side, viz.:—*Roman, African, Durban, and German*.

Tuesday 11th.—Went into Cape Town and delivered some of my introductions. Lunched at the Royal Hotel, and met several of our old shipmates. Then visited the Museum and delivered my introduction to its courteous curator, Mr. Trimen, who received us very nicely and showed us his treasures. They have a beautiful collection of birds, shells, and geological specimens; a most gorgeous collection of South African butterflies; a few stuffed animals, etc., etc.

Wednesday 12th.—We strolled over the veldt, being first attracted by a fire. When we reached the place we found that walking through the charred bushes was very detrimental to our clothes, so we struck out for a Dutch vineyard, and knocked at the farmer's front door, and bought some nice white grapes; we did not find many new flowers.

At 4.30 we went for another stroll, across the veldt at the back of the hotel in the direction of a lake, at the side of which an old sea captain lives in a small hut. He fishes, and provides boats and refreshments for picnic parties. He was not at home when we called, but we borrowed an old bottle to put a small snake in that we had killed. It was about 24 inches long, not a poisonous one, but called here a mole snake. In returning we took a wrong track, after crossing a little stream, and got quite three miles out of our way; and as the dusk was coming on, it made it rather awkward. This open veldt is very deceptive, the undulations are very gentle and scarcely show from a distance. The S.S. *Pretoria*, the first transport ship, with the 91st Highlanders, arrived in Cape Town.

Thursday 13th.—Went into Cape Town by train, and to the Docks, to see the *Pretoria*. She was busy coaling, and in a great mess. We

walked round and into the saloon, and examined the state-rooms, which are called large and airy. Lady Frere was on board, calling on the officers. The men seemed in good spirits, and longing to be in Natal. After returning to Wynberg, we strolled out and picked some more heaths and other flowers.

The S.S. *Dotterell*, a Union Co.'s ship, which left England the same time as the *Conway Castle*, arrived to-day, having been thirty-four days on the voyage.

Friday 14th.—We drove to the vineyard of Mr. Herzog, a nephew of Mrs. R—, being kindly taken there by Mr. W—. The house and farm are situated in a little hollow in the veldt, and cannot be seen until you are within half-a-mile of them. They are approached through an avenue of fir trees—a most customary thing here. The house is a large Dutch one, with immense high rooms, and the library is well filled with books, and has one beautiful marble statue. An ostrich and her little ones were strutting up and down in front of the house; and we were taken to see five or six other birds. Then came the wine-tasting in the large cellar. I cannot describe how we tasted one wine after another,—first a nice one, then a new one, then a better one, and so on,—but I will say, that Mr. Herzog gave us some beautiful old Madeira of ten years' standing. After the wine-tasting, we strolled over the farm to the lake, and passed some blackberry bushes, on which were some fine ripe berries. Then we passed the vines laden with grapes, and up an old oak avenue to the house, where we bade adieu to our kind host and drove home.

Saturday 15th.—Division in the party, some wishing to go to Kalk Bay and some not wanting to. It was settled by the cart not arriving. After lunch some of us had a cart and drove to Kalk Bay. The boatmen wanted fifteen shillings to take us out for one hour, so we declined, and spent the hour pleasantly wandering on the sandy beach, collecting shells. Between Kalk Bay and Wynberg there are several wayside houses, where the thirsty traveller can refresh; one of them is called Farmer Peck's, which house is notable for a fat woman, who lives there and draws the ale at the bar. One of our party took a fancy to this fine lady, and could hardly be persuaded to pass by without calling. We did look in on our way down, and I had the pleasure of seeing this grand lady for the first time; she certainly was enormous, and would have been a fair match for Falstaff, but the sight of her was quite repugnant to me.

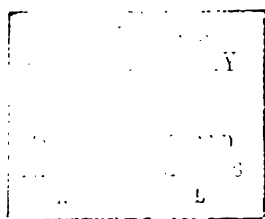
After dinner every evening we have music and singing, and some of

the party play cards ; but this evening a little quiet dancing was added, much to the amusement and gratification of the belle of the party.

Sunday 16th.—We drove to Wynberg church with Mr. Hirsch's new break and pair. The drive is very pretty ; first along the main road, then up Wynberg avenue—a beautiful one of old oak trees—and under some shady, tall gum trees (*eucalyptus globulus*) to the village green, now somewhat brown from the sun, and to the church, which stands on one side of the green. The church is an ugly structure, in no particular style, white washed, and very small inside. It was crowded, and the heat was very great. Camp, a man who had already driven us out several times and was still destined to drive us, was sitting in front of us in the bosom of his family in all the glory of their Sunday best. Just outside the church, at the top of the green, was a small cottage, with a very fine aloe hedge, and some of the aloes with high, tall blossoms of twenty feet. They form quite a feature on the village green.

Monday 17th.—We drove through Lower Constantia—Van Renan's beautiful place—with fine old Dutch house and oak avenue, and spacious vineyard behind. Then, on towards Hout's Bay, through some woods, we alighted near a stream, and picked some beautiful ferns, flowers, and blackberries. To our right was a nice ravine, and the hill beyond was covered with beautiful silver trees. We went half-a-mile further on, to a place where we had a grand view over the plain dividing this Table Mountain range from the Hottentots' Hollands Mountains. These latter mountains, in fine weather, always seem to have a hazy, fairy-like appearance, and would form a beautiful subject for Gustave Doré. Most of False Bay was also visible to the right. We descended the steep side of the road into a garden, to collect ferns and arums, and then wandered on through the grounds and orchards. We also had the indecency to walk to the front door, and inquire if they would sell some grapes ; but they naively replied that they were not ripe yet. We regained our cart half-a-mile lower down, and returned.

Tuesday 18th.—We started at 10.30 for Hout's Bay, some of us in Camp's cart, and some on horseback. Camp, of whom I have before spoken, is an Englishman from Hertford : has been in the Colony about fifty years, speaks the different dialects,—Malay, Dutch, etc.,—fluently ; he is most thoroughly sun-burnt, and looks more like a Malay than an Englishman. He drives his own carts and horses, and does it well, too. We followed over the ground of yesterday, passing Van Renan's on our



left, and then climbed up a long hill to the summit of a col or kloof in the mountain, from which we expected to see the bay; but we found that it lay concealed further round to the left. We descended the hill on the other side, which was very steep in places, one of which we had to walk down; then by the back of Table Mountain, passing a few farms with old Dutch houses, with rose hedges and camelias, at the last of which we purchased a two-peck basket of nice white grapes for three shillings. Then two miles through heavy sand, brought us to the Bay. The wind was blowing very strong; and as we made our way to the water's edge, we were met by gusts of sand being blown into our faces. One of our party lost his large brown sun hat, his green umbrella, which was immediately turned inside out, and his spectacles. After a walk by the sea, we adjourned to a shady place under some trees, where our horses were outspanned, and there partook of our lunch. It was a sandy place, and as we undid the provisions, little gusts of wind would come, and cover—first the ham, then the carefully covered-up pieces of bread and butter, then the hard-boiled eggs, as we removed the shell—with sand; and I verily believe, that in this one half-hour, I ate more sand than when at Barmouth in July, 1870. After lunch we returned to the sea again, the two boys paddling in the water. About 2 p.m. Healey and I started back on foot to collect flowers: first we had to walk through the two miles of sand, during which the horsemen passed us. We found one very curious bulbous flower—a red one; it consisted of a nine-inch stem, from the top of which a vertical whorl of ugly red flowers started off: there were no leaves. The cart caught us up at the foot of the hill, and from the summit we had a grand view of the Hottentots' Hollands Mountains and False Bay. At one corner of Hout's Bay the wind drives the sand up the side of a hill and over a precipice into the sea on the other side.

Wednesday 19th.—Up at 5.15 a.m. We caught the 6.35 train at Wynberg, and changed into the Worcester train at Salt River Junction. There was a fine sunrise. The railway runs across the level flats for some miles, and then winds up to Paarl. At Mulder's Vley Junction we saw a large drove of ostriches, some fifty or sixty birds. Paarl was reached at 9 a.m.; there are many fir and oak trees and nice white houses on either side of the long main street of the village; and the Paarl rock stands high above, a bluff of granite, but the surrounding veldt has a poor parched up appearance. From Paarl to the 72 mile stone from Cape Town, open dried up veldt; then three miles of ravine, with

scant herbage, and only a trickling stream ; the best feature being the lichen covered rocks. Any ordinary Welsh ravine would be far grander. The train having two engines rattled round the curves in this gorge at a great rate. Beyond the gorge open veldt was reached again, and the valley of Tulbagh, a bare looking place, surrounded by high hills also looking hopelessly bare, and showing many signs of denudation, but said to be a good place for sport.

An altered schistose-looking rock appears here and there, beneath the surface of the veldt. There are very few farms to be seen, and these have very little land cultivated around them. At Ceres Road the railway approaches the north-east side of the valley. The drive to Ceres over Mitchell's Pan is said to be very beautiful. Shortly after this, the railway crosses a watershed, the water to the south flowing out near Mossel Bay, that to the north into St. Helen's Bay. The rest of the way to Worcester is very uninteresting, the rail running along a broad, bare valley, with a row of bare mountains on either side. Worcester is a very pretty town, much like Salt Lake City, built on the block plan, and having water running down both sides of every street, and nice trees to shade them. The houses at present are by no means closely packed, each having a considerable garden. The post office is a substantial building on the village green. The town is about a mile square. We put up at the Commercial Hotel, close to the pretty water mill, and found the accommodation plain and nice. Over the doorway was some trellis-work with a vine, and the beautiful white bunches hung down over our heads. It was a nice grape ; luscious, but not too sweet. We met here a gentleman who had been in the mounted police, and was now driving a team up to the fields. He had been unfortunate, his mules having all bolted at the first outspanning, and he was very miserable at the loss. There was another man here who had travelled in South America and Australia. All joined in condemning South Africa as a dry and sandy place, in which it was impossible to make money.

Thursday 20th.—Up at 5.20. Caught the 6.10 train, but had to leave without paying our bill, as the people would not change a Bank of England five-pound note, and we had no other money. As we travelled down, the mountains looked much prettier in the morning light, as it showed up the lichens. The place reminded me very much of the American desert on the Pacific railroad. At Wellington we obtained the *Cape Times*, and heard of the disaster at Luneberg to the 80th. We

arrived in Cape Town at 12.25, and left after lunch for Wynberg. In Cape Town we found quite a wetting rain falling, but it did not reach Wynberg. This is the first rain we have had since we landed. Colonel Lonsdale was spending the afternoon at our hotel. He was the first to discover the massacre at Sandhswana. Riding into the camp, he saw the red coats, but noticing them holding assegais, he at once realized that they were all Zulus.

Friday 21st.—We drove down to Simon's Town, stopping at Farmer Peck's to see the fat woman; and at Kalk Bay, to see the fish-boats land the fish. We pulled up just beyond Kalk Bay to eat a beautiful melon that Mrs. Camp had sent us. Then on to Fisherman's Cove,—a broad cove of white sand,—over which there is now a hard macadamised road. Then we rounded a little promontory, and crossed another cove beyond, when the south-east wind, which blew very cold, caught us, and sent the nasty sand into our faces. From Kalk Bay, Simon's Town seems quite close, but the road has to cross three or four coves and to round several promontories, the distance being five miles: from Rathfelders all the way to Simon's Town is thirteen miles. We drove up to the British Hotel at twelve, where we found the lunch ready. The hostess, her son, and daughter, sat down with us, ate with us, and carved for us. The dinner was delightfully plain and unappetising. After lunch we strolled down to the slip, where H.M. ship *Industry* is undergoing a thorough overhauling. The *Tamar*, just arrived with troops from India, was lying in the Bay, and a barque with coal cast anchor in the roadstead while we were there. We strolled beyond the town to a fort much out of repair; returning by the shore, where we picked up many nice shells. We also visited a Catholic Chapel on a hill, which was very small and plain within. Simon's Town is prettily situated in a little bay, with hills rising immediately behind it. It has a dockyard, which is quite a hospital for H.M. ships getting out of repair in these parts. We returned at 4 p.m., finding it rather warmer as we closed up the cart and had the wind at our back.

Saturday 22nd.—After lunch I drove to Rondebosch to call on Mr. Landesberg. He took me round his garden, which was very nice, but this being the end of the dry season, everything looked at its worst; his orange trees were quite full of the Australian bug. Sweet potatoes, Indian corn—here called mealies—and many other things were there. He had two nice milk-white steeds. From here I went into Cape Town to fetch some letters.

Sunday 28rd.—Hirsch's new groom drove us to church. I was unfortunate in getting a very draughty seat, close to the parson. I walked home from church. During the afternoon one of Hirsch's men upset a cart, with people in it, which he was driving to the station. Report reached us of the accident to the *City of Paris* while entering the harbour at Simon's Bay.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT TRIP UP COUNTRY IN THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

Monday 24th.—John, the barman, who had been accused of being drunk yesterday, was taken to the police court at Wynberg to-day, and discharged; the matter being settled by his receiving a month's wages and leaving. We sent our luggage off at twelve o'clock, and walked up to the station; it was a very warm morning, and we were covered with perspiration. When we arrived in Cape Town we found the heat very stifling. We drove to the docks, and saw my friend Roger's luggage safe on board; we then went over the *Dunkeld*, in which ship we were going to Natal next week; and then we visited the *City of Venice*, one of the transport ships, with 200 horses on board, having lost only two on the way out. She is one of the City Line to Calcutta, and is fitted up with a punkah, and is barque-rigged. The S.S. *Chimborazo* was lying in Table Bay, and we wished to visit her, but the charge being £2 for a boat, we were obliged to abandon it. We drove to the station, and left by the 6.30 train for Stellenbosch, bidding Clifford adieu at the platform. The last three miles of the journey were rather pretty. Stellenbosch is nicely situated under a high bare mountain; the village is very scattered, the streets are nicely shaded with fine oak trees at least 150 years old, and water runs down most of them. The place was founded in 1684, by the Dutch, and is one of the oldest towns in the colony. We drove to the Royal Hotel, where, as they had already a party of three in their house, they were rather reluctant to take us in—such is the laziness of these Dutch; and they told us we had better go to the Railway Hotel, where there was plenty of room. However, we remained, and were put up in one bedroom, which adjoined the shop, from which we received a most unsatisfactory smell as of a stale country grocer's.

Tuesday 25th.—The hotel had a small entrance-room, which is used as a bar-room, the bar itself consisting of a small table and an open cupboard. Beyond this was a fine large high room, in which were tables and chairs; and doors round the room led into the respective bedrooms. There was a smaller sitting-room leading out of this room in which was an

old semi-grand piano. Adjoining the bar-room was the shop, a door from which communicated directly with our bedroom. At the end of the large room, under a balcony of trellis-work, and vines with beautiful white bunches, a door led to the garden. We had to have our food in the bar or entrance-room, as nothing would persuade the good people to allow us to use the large inner room. The garden, which was rather untidy, contained balsams, fuchsias, and many nice flowers, Indian corn, tomatoes, a splendid old fig tree crowded with ripe figs, and many bananas, now fruitless.

After breakfast we strolled up to the photographer's, who was unable to sell us any views of the village, as his camera was on the way out from Europe. We then took a drive through the shaded streets to the race-course, a bare, uninteresting place, and then to the cathedral, a very plain, Lutheran church, with pews radiating from a common centre—the pulpit. There was an organ over the west door of some twenty-five stops, with two manuals. We ascended the tower, and found three nice bells, and above the belfry we were able to get a bird's-eye view of the village, which from above looks a mass of foliage, with here and there a house peeping out. We then walked to the University, which consisted of one large building, with small hall, and two large class-rooms opening out of it. We saw the students sitting at their lecture, each one provided with a separate table. We then returned by a shady street, with water running down either side, to our hotel. This was one of the hottest days that we experienced in the Cape Colony; and walking was a great effort in the middle of the day. Mr. Matthews was busy feeding two chameleons, that had been given to his sister up country. They were about the size of lizards, but their skins were more horny, and their eyes protruded very curiously. The eyelid did not open very far, but the socket of the eye had a wonderful power of moving round. They live principally on flies, which they catch in a most dexterous manner, moving themselves slowly up to within two-and-a-half inches of their victim, and then suddenly protruding their four-inch-long tongue with unerring precision, and curling the end round the fly, which is quickly drawn into their mouth.

The hotel was situated in the main street, and all the traffic from the Cape Town road passed that way. During the morning we noticed several fine teams of oxen, one of fourteen and two of twelve, and a Cape cart with seven horses.

We left at 4 p.m. in the train for Paarl; the first six miles of the journey were very pretty, the line passing through two or three oak woods and at the foot of several little hills; here and there were farms, with corn, (mealies,) vines, and ostriches. From Mulder's Vley Junction on the main line to Paarl the view is superbly uninteresting.

On our arrival, we drove direct to the Royal Hotel, down the main and only street of the place. It is nearly straight, stretches for eight miles, and has oak trees on both sides down its entire length. The farm houses are built close to this street, and the farm lands stretch away behind the houses on either side.

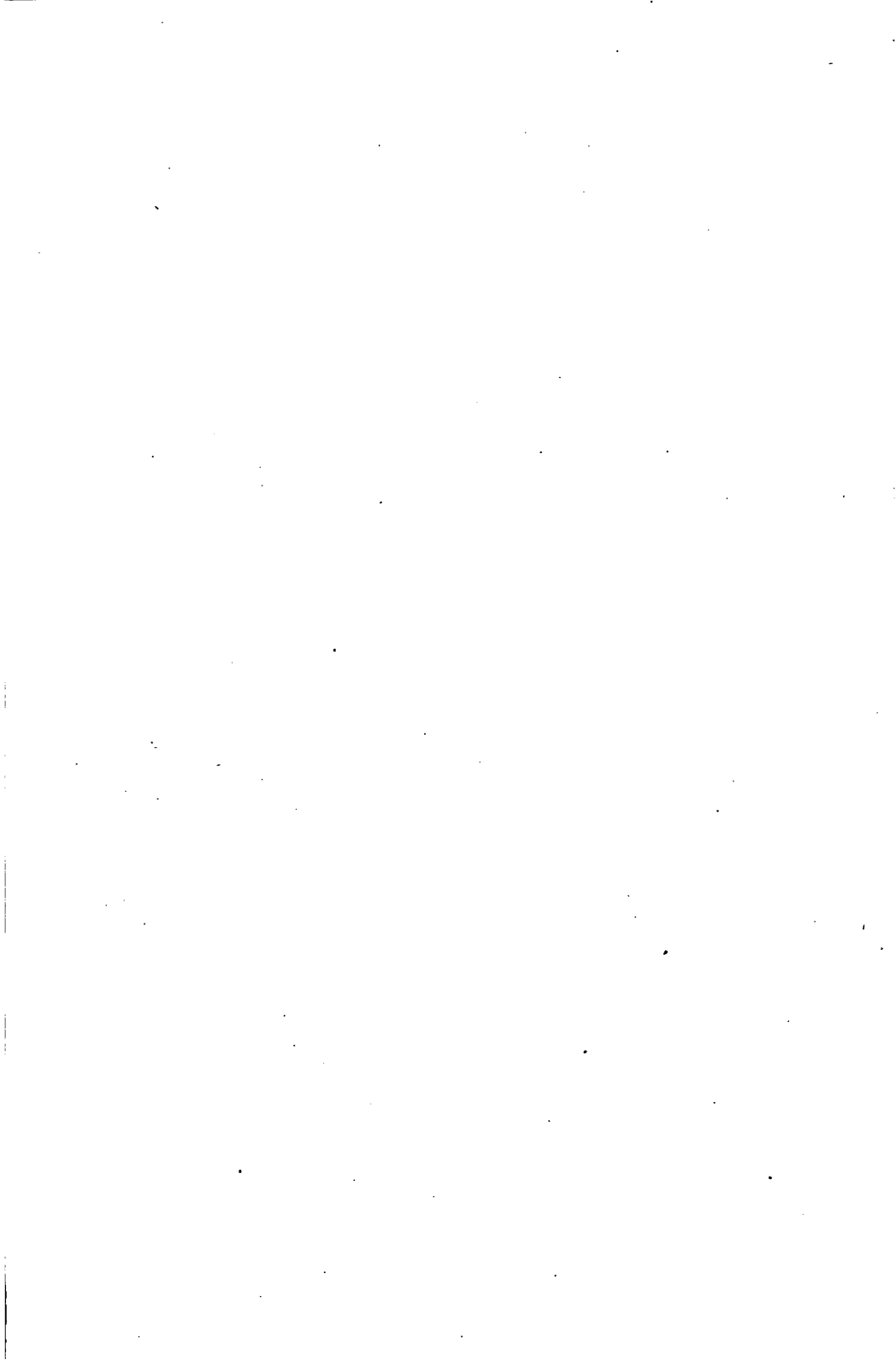
Wednesday 26th.—We started at 5.45 a.m. for the Paarl Rock. About two hundred yards down the main street we struck the path and soon began to ascend rapidly. Before long we were in the clouds; but the stratum being thin, we were not long in passing through. A little further on the path disappeared. As we had no guide, I suggested that we should strike out to the right by a narrow track; but this was soon lost, and we scrambled on through low shrub and over steep granite rocks for three-quarters of an hour. We then slipped down a piece of smooth granite rock, about fifteen feet high, where there was nothing whatever to hold on by, and which we descended by the friction of our trousers against the rock. At the bottom we found a bulb with a beautiful red flower: the stem was three inches high, and then branched into twenty-seven distinct flower-heads, with a fuchsia-like flower, consisting of a three-cornered ovary, petals rising immediately above, with stamen and pistil two inches long. I secured two bulbs. We soon saw the regular track—which had been carefully made when Prince Alfred visited the Colony—and found ourselves at the top of the central rock overlooking the village. From it we had a wonderful cloud effect: the clouds were below us, and filled up the valley, the tops of the mountains on the other side appearing above them. The sun was shining on this cloud mass, and gave a glacier-like effect, the different moraines being easily distinguished; and as the clouds curled away in the distance, we could see the points of junction of the lateral valley glaciers. Nothing could be seen of the village or valley below. Behind was a path leading up to two immense rocks, or boulders, as they call them. These rocks are one mass of granite. We walked up to the south one, and climbed to its summit. It was very steep, and I was compelled to climb on all fours, holding on tightly with my hands and nails to the weathered crystals of felspar, and pushing my toes

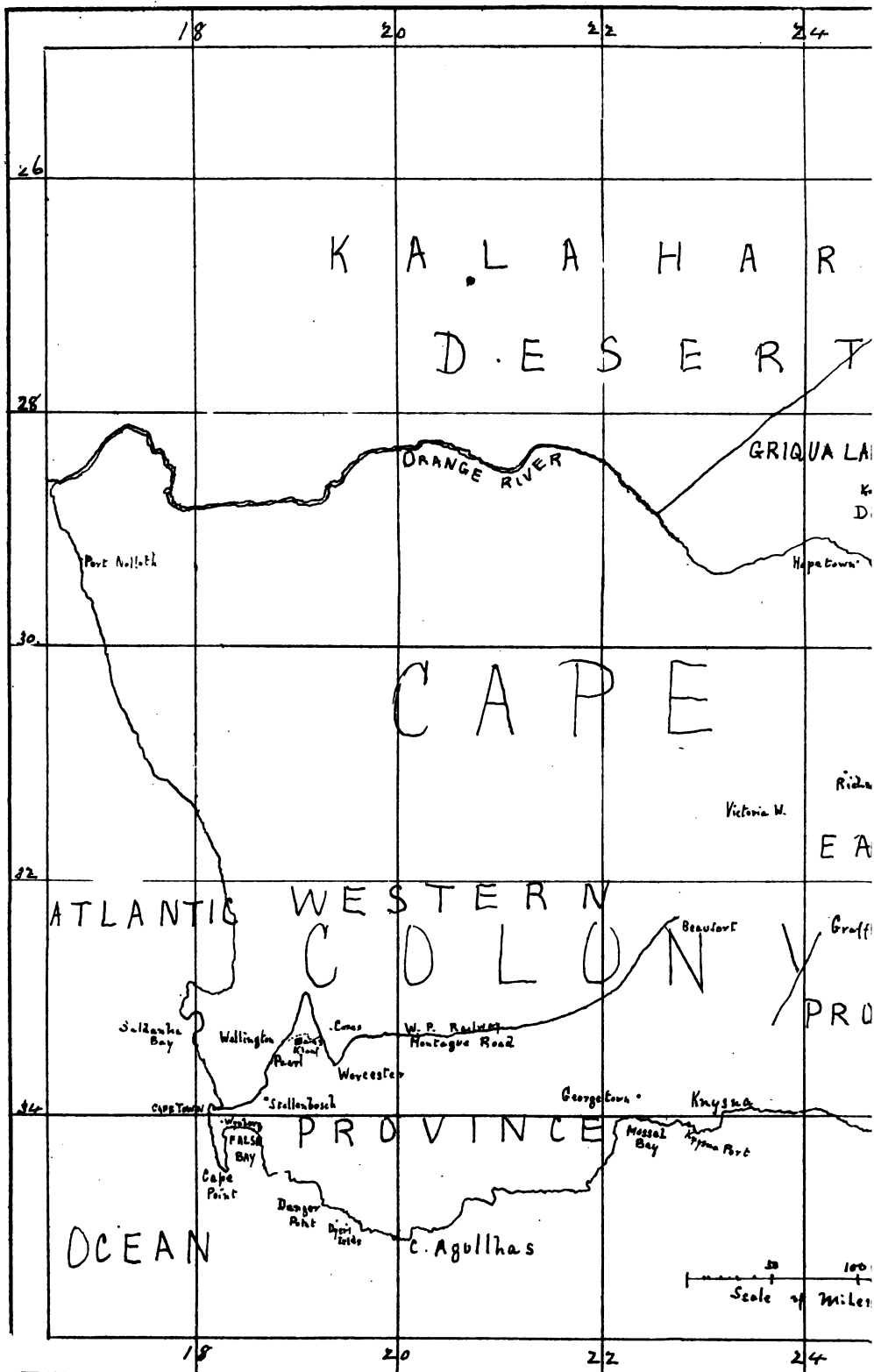
against them also. From this height we had a very extensive view of hill-tops; but being unable to see the valleys, we could not realize the relative heights of the mountains. Table Mountain can be seen from this rock, but was not visible this morning. The summit was 2,300 feet high. We descended this rock with considerable caution, but not without serious damage to our nether garments. In descending the hill, we saw the place where we went astray on our way up. We found quantities of the myrtle fern under the boulders of granite. We reached the hotel at 8.45, and were quite ready for our breakfast.

About mid-day our host's son-in-law took us to the farm of Mr. J. H. S. de Vielliers; the house adjoined the street, and the farm stretched away behind. He kindly sent his son, a youth of nineteen, to show us the ostriches. He showed us birds, of three and six months old, under cover feeding on green stuff, bones and stones. One little deformed fellow, of six months old, was so short that he could easily walk under the wings and breast of his brothers of the same age. In an orchard were seven birds only six days old, scarcely able to walk. We were then shown the incubator, which consists of a table fitted with a drawer, and covered with sheep skins, nicely washed and combed, and heated with hot water, kept constantly warm by an oil lamp. The youth kindly pulled out the drawer and showed us one bird just hatched and another partly out. He presented us with an addled egg, of which presently. At the age of three days the birds are put out into the orchard and allowed to run about. He then showed us twenty full-grown birds, of eighteen months, and gave them their dinner while we were watching them. We then bade him adieu, thanking him for his courtesy and kindness.

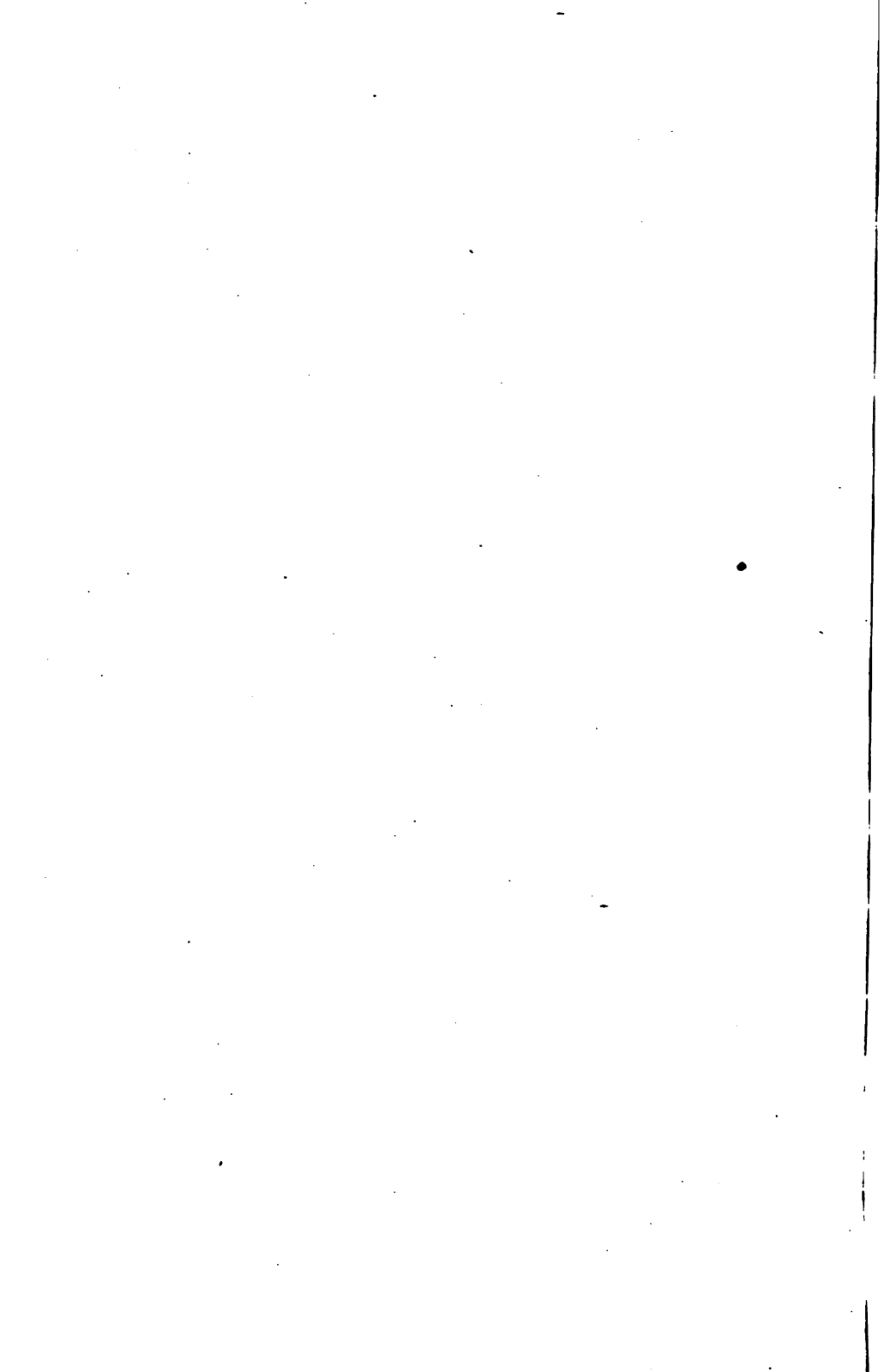
As we returned to the hotel we went into the Paarl Wine Company's cellars. They are very large and cool, and the one we entered had a long row of eighty large vats. The cellar-men being away at dinner, we were unable to taste the wines.

After lunch our host's son-in-law offered to drive us to the highest waterfall in South Africa; as we had nothing better to do we accepted. At first we went along the main road, through a beautiful avenue of fir trees, passing several farms. Then across the railway, and over open veldt to a place called "Ebenezer;" down a steep descent, across a brook, and through a pretty glade of oak trees, which grew by the side of a stream full of beautiful lichen-covered dark brown boulders, and over which we crossed on a wooden bridge. We then came to a patch of open country, and









arrived at a farm, driving to the house through a nice avenue of orange trees. Two of us had to assist in opening the farm gate, which was almost in the middle of a little brook, and was about seventeen feet long. We called a Kaffir boy, and asked him to find the bass (master), who soon appeared; he was a tall man, with a long iron-grey beard, and he at once sent a small boy, of seven years, to show us the way to the fall, and to take care of the cart. We drove three or four miles over open veldt, and along a mere track, with here and there ruts of twelve inches. We were soon weary of the bumping and asked to walk, but Conroy insisted upon driving us further; we alighted two miles from the falls, and walked a mile nearer. The fall comes over a high rock in one bound when there is water—of which there was none to-day—and at the base are some trees, which make it fairly picturesque. We returned, bumping all the way, to the farm. The sun was now getting low, and we had two-and-a-half hours' drive to return, which we did not like doing in the dark. As we arrived in the farm-yard, two little daughters of the bass—one a pretty little girl of twelve—came out and asked us, in very good English, to come into the house. We went in, and found an English governess, who had been there some little time, and who was pleased to see some of her countrymen again. Some grapes were given to us, which we took away; and after a few words we hurried off to have as much of the daylight as possible for our return journey. We passed a team of sixteen oxen, and saw a large piece of veldt on fire. There was a very fine sunset, and lovely glows on the mountain, which we were thoroughly able to appreciate as nothing intercepted our view. Our horses were two entires, (they never condescend to drive anything else in the Western Province,) of which one, singularly enough, was called "Venus." We reached the hotel at 7.15.

Then commenced the blowing of the ostrich egg that had been presented to us in the morning; enough came out to fill two pie dishes, part of which was made into an omelette for us. It was very nice, but extremely rich and rather strong. I will here describe the life of a Dutch Boer. He has coffee at 4.30 a.m., after which he opens his shop; breakfast at eight; dinner at twelve; after which, he closes his shop and goes to sleep. At four he re-opens; closes at six; has supper at eight, and goes to bed at 9 p.m. Hence, in villages like Paarl, which are almost entirely Dutch, you scarcely see a light after 9 p.m.

Thursday 27th.—Up at 6.15, and waiting for the Cape cart, which was not ready till 7 a.m. There was a Yankee staying at the hotel, who watched us off. He had been up country to the Kalihari desert shooting for three years. He stole a novel from one of our party, and refused to return it.

We drove two miles down the Paarl street, under the beautiful oak trees, and then turned off to the right along the Wellington road; and this piece of road, as far as the railway—about three quarters of a mile—was exactly like an English country lane. There was a hedge of brambles and a ditch on either side, and beyond stubble fields. We crossed the great Berg river by the Lady Grey Bridge, a wooden structure with a long span, and said to have cost £12,000. From it there is a fine view of the whole of Paarl and the granite boulders above. The road to Wellington is uninteresting, lying across the dried-up, barren veldt. We descended a hill into Wellington, and drove up to the Commercial Hotel for breakfast. The host was just packing up his things prior to removing to Beaufort West, and was by no means over civil to us. While breakfast was preparing, we foraged the village: one of us went to a baker for bread and cakes, and I went to a vineyard for grapes, where they were very civil to me, giving me ten or twelve bunches of a nice white luscious grape for threepence; in fact, I could not help thinking that the good man imagined that we were some poor fellows going up to the Fields. While we were waiting for breakfast, a wagon drove by drawn by eight mules, and the driver turned a corner within sight quickly, giving plenty of room; nevertheless, the strain was too great for one of his wheels, which went flying off, and left him dragging an axle in the ground. No injury occurred to man or beast. We left Wellington at 9.15 a.m., driving through two or three of the pretty streets, which are wide, shady, and well watered; then over a bridge, and by easy gradients to the foot of Bains Kloof. This is one of the noted passes on the highroad from Cape Town to the Diamond Fields, and is the first great obstacle that has to be surmounted. I have not yet mentioned that we were driving in the same cart, had the same horses, and same young man to drive as yesterday. We were told that there were many profound precipices along the road, and we were glad to have a driver we knew, and horses not too fresh.

A young newly-married couple started up the pass in front of us, and we kept near each other all day, sometimes one, and sometimes the other,

being in front. The road is by no means uninteresting, as here and there we came to nice farms, with green fields around them, not of grass, but mealies or other corn. The road winds up easily, and is in no part distinctly precipitous, although many places are passed where it would be very inconvenient to be upset, for in these places the hill slopes away at 43° for several hundred feet. About half way up are the ruins of a tunnel, through which the road, it is said, once went, but having fallen in, a way has been made round the hill. Below us were many nice valleys, with trees growing in them. The rocks near the tunnel are shaly, but near the top very silicious. We found a yellow heath growing here, which is said to grow nowhere else. Two baboons crossed the road in front of us near the tunnel; and when walking near the top we heard some more howling at us, but we were unable to catch sight of them. We had a fine view of the country north of Paarl on our way up. There was one very fine hill rising about one-and-a-half miles to the north of us, which was composed of some soft material, and showed signs of great denudation, having many valleys scooped out on all sides.

We reached the top at 10.15, in the blazing sun, where we found a toll-gate. The road on the other side was in a very bad state of repair, very much worn and covered with immense stones, and the whole of the journey down was one of incessant bumping and jolting. A little way from the top I noticed rocks that might have been either green stone or altered rock, but no occasion offered itself to stop, and I was unable to find any pebble of that material in the river lower down, where we outspanned. This side of the Pass is much the prettiest; it is more confined; the rocks approach nearer to each other; there is water running at the bottom of the valley, and quite an amount of foliage for South Africa. In one place the road passes under an overhanging rock, which is dignified with the name of the Devil's Pulpit. The myrtle and many other ferns are abundant; and I noticed a few mosses, but not in blossom. There are many turns in the road which vary the view. After much bumping we reached a second toll-gate at 11.15 a.m., where we outspanned, to rest the horses for half-an-hour. Then we continued our bumping and jolting, with, perhaps, a trifle less of it, and after an hour's run on more level ground, arrived at Darling Bridge at 1.30 p.m. Here we outspanned for lunch, and just as we were taking the keen edge off our appetites, with potted beef and ham sandwiches, Conroy, our driver, came up breathless, saying that Venus had just been nearly drowned.

It appeared that he had knee-halted the horses, and they had immediately gone down to the water to drink; while there they commenced rolling, and Venus had rolled into a deep pool, and being knee-halted, was unable to get out. Conroy looking round, saw the horse was out of sight, and observing some air bubbling up, ran into the water above his waist, and just pulled the horse out in time. It was a very near escape for Venus; but after a rest, the horses took us three miles further, and then returned twenty-seven miles to their home at Paarl.

At Darling Bridge the pass of Bains Kloof ends; after passing over the bridge, which spans the Breede River, now but a stream, but during the rains a considerable river, a fork in the road is reached; the left hand being the great diamond field road through Ceres, and the right going direct to Worcester. Three miles along this latter road brought us to Breede River Station. We had missed the first train, and had two or three hours to wait for the second and last train; the station master was a young and intelligent fellow, and did his best to amuse us with the telegraph instrument and other things. At 4 p.m. he took us to a neighbouring farm house, about one mile from the station, where they were busy making wine. In the garden were many fig trees, petunias, large echeverias, etc., etc. The good man, who spoke no English, made us taste some of the new wine and some a year old; the new was very nasty and the old very sweet. The farmer was very busy distilling "Cape Smoke," a common sort of brandy, from grape skins, crushed two days before, and a little new wine. His still was in the garden, and was a very rude affair. We then returned to the station, and left by the 5 p.m. train, and arrived at Worcester at 6 p.m. We put up at the Masonic Hotel, and found it very comfortable. They had a large plunge bath in the garden. The host's father-in-law sat at the head of the table and carved, and was a very sociable fat man. After dinner we strolled to the reading room. In these village towns they have no street lamps; but they have water running down each street on both sides, and where two streets cross the water runs across and forms a square; as we strolled along, we had some difficulty in finding our way, as it was a very dark night, and in getting over a crossing, one of our party stepped into one of these brooks.

Friday 28th.—Up at 6.15. We took the 7.30 train to Montague Road and back, in order that we might see the engineering on the railway over the Hex River Mountain. Our first-class carriage was full; the

guage is only three feet six inches, and we had eight persons. The train, after leaving Worcester, follows down the valley for a few miles, and then turns up through the gap in the hills, through which the Hex River comes down. The rocky sides close together for some miles, with here and there little valleys with corries. Then Hex River station is reached, where the valley spreads out to a width of three to four miles, having on each side of the station several Dutch farms. Beyond, the country partakes of the karroo aspect, *i.e.* bare, hard ground, with a small stunted shrub of a foot high growing everywhere. Then Hex River East was reached, and we crossed a train and had an additional engine—one made at the Avonside Works—which came behind. Beyond this station we commenced creeping round the sides of the hills, and gradually rose higher and higher. We had gradients of one in forty for ten miles. As we rounded each turn, we saw the railway climbing higher and higher above us, and rounding curves and corners further up. We rose higher and higher above the valley; every now and then, as we turned a corner—many of which are exceedingly sharp—we seemed to be just going over. There is only one tunnel on the way up, and that a very short one, and yet we heard that some lady fainted in it. The top was reached at 11 a.m. Worcester is 796 feet above the sea, and the highest part of the rail 3,192 feet. We had come up the last twenty-five miles at the rate of nine miles per hour. We descended to Montague road through very uninteresting country in forty minutes. Here we were on the borders of the great Karroo Desert. Montague Road Station is about forty miles from the town of Montague, and can scarcely be said to afford much accommodation. While waiting for the return train, we walked to the side of a hill and ate our luncheon. This station is destined to be an important one, as they are building an hotel, and purpose making it the first sleeping station from Cape Town on the route to the Fields.

In the return train we secured a whole compartment to ourselves, soon reached the top, and were able to sit on the best side, and enjoy the fine views during the descent. Often and often we seemed to be just going over the embankment; but the train was well broken, and when the gradients were easy, the engine had to steam against the brake. There are three or four viaducts, one perhaps forty to fifty feet high. In one place you can see the line below you about a mile off, but have to make a detour of some three or four miles to reach the spot. At Hex River East we crossed a train, and bought the Cape Town morning papers. Reached

Worcester at 5.10. After a wash, we strolled down to the Drodtsy House, built by Lord Chelmsford for a hunting box, regardless of expense, but now used as a magistrates' house.

Saturday 29th.—Left for Cape Town in the 6.10 train, after tenderly bidding adieu to Mrs. Burton, our hostess. At Ceres Road three hunters came into our carriage and smoked tremendously, nearly making me ill. At Wellington a lady got in with quite a nice toilette. At Paarl Conroy met us, brought us some photographs, and told us that he arrived home at 9 p.m. on Thursday, and that Venus was now quite well. We arrived in Cape Town at 12.45, and after luncheon returned to Wynberg by 5.5 train.

Sunday 30th.—At 10 a.m. one of the ladies staying in our hotel gave birth to a son. I walked to church. The day was very close, and towards the afternoon the clouds gathered up in the north. We went for a stroll up the Diep River, through the Adiantum Wood; crossed the stream on a tree, and on through the wood to a road which led to a pretty house, very nicely kept, with pretty flowers and a stream running through the grounds, which were surrounded by woods. The house, like all Dutch ones, was painted white, picked out with green. Near it was a shed for ostriches, provided with a trough from the immortal Whiteley's. We strolled back over the Wynberg road, and through the veldt behind Rathfelders. The sunset was very magnificent: over Table Mountain were little fleecy clouds, which were red; to the north and west the clouds were much jumbled up, some appearing red, others black, and some white. There was a little thunder and lightning, but very little. As the sun set the colours altered, and shortly afterwards we witnessed a fine after-glow. As rain is now expected the farmers are busy burning the veldt, and this evening we saw several fine fires; one large one over Constantia, and an immense one near Farmer Peck's, which stretched from the top to the bottom of a high hill.

Monday 31st.—Went into Cape Town and down to the docks to see the *S.S. Dunrobin Castle* and *Edinboro' Castle*. The *Spain, England*, and *Egypt*, three of the National Company's transports, were lying in the bay.

The Cape Government Railway, in the Western Province, is a three feet six inches gauge, except the Wynberg and Stellenbosch branches, which are somewhat broader. The gradients are not steeper than 1 in 40, but up the Hex River Mountain there is a ten mile piece on this extreme gradient. The carriages are fairly comfortable; the first class have no elbows or spring cushions, and eight are expected to sit in them, four on

each side. The trains are fitted with the ordinary brakes, and the carriages have only one coupling in the centre, which is a tight one and not like the usual English one. They have our knife-edged points, and home and distant signals; many of their engines are from the Avon-side Works. There is only one short tunnel on the first 160 miles of the line. The speed never exceeds twenty miles an hour. The stations are well built of brick, but the platforms are generally low. Cape Town station is quite a fine building, with two or three stories of offices.

Tuesday, April 1st.—Went into Cape Town to see about a berth for returning home in May. I wandered up the beautiful Government Avenue to the Botanical Gardens; it was a lovely day, warm, with a clear sky, and I was struck with the beauty of the scene. At the bottom of the Gardens stands the Cape Town Museum, a fine building, in the Grecian style; then over the top of the Avenue, towering above to the left, was the Devil's Peak; in front, the grand Table Mountain, so rightly named; then the Lion's Head, separated from the last by the Kloof; then, still further to the right, the body of the Lion, terminating in his rump, on which is situated the Signal Station. Then, on returning to the Avenue, opposite the Gardens, is the Government House, a long, low building, with French windows and a nice garden; beyond the Avenue, through Adderley street, lay Table Bay, with its exquisitely blue waters.

Wednesday 2nd.—We left Wynberg by the 10.45 train, lunched in Cape Town, and went aboard the S.S. *Dunkeld* at 3.15 p.m. We soon learnt that, although advertised to start at 4 p.m., she would not leave until dark. There was a considerable quantity of forage and several horses to be taken aboard for the army in Natal; but the boxes in which the horses were placed proved to be quite rotten, and gave way as the steam winch raised them from the ground, so that no horses were taken aboard. We steamed out of dock at 9 p.m.: it was a truly lovely night, the moon and the stars shining brightly and the sea quite calm.

Thursday 3rd.—Sea was fresh this morning, and the ship rolled a little. At mid-day we rounded Cape Agullhas, the most southern point of Africa, being about seven miles off. There is a light-house and a tower on the Point. We passed the Currie steamer, *Lapland*, at 11 a.m., and a three-masted topsail schooner, bound to the West.

Friday 4th.—Bath at 6.15 a.m. Cape St. Francis in sight before breakfast. There are several people aboard who have come out in the *Dunrobin Castle* from England, and have had a remarkably smooth pas-

sage. At noon we were twenty-seven miles west of Cape St. Francis, which we rounded at 8 p.m., two-and-a-half miles distant. At 6 p.m. we passed the S.S. *Melrose*, within quarter of a mile. She put up the signal F.B.C.—“How is the patient?” Our ship had just had a new propeller, and this was to ask how it was working. We sighted the light off Cape Recife at 6 p.m., and after making a wide circle round it, dropped anchor in Algoa Bay at 9 p.m. News soon came aboard of the stranding of the S.S. *Clyde* on Dyer’s Island, midway between Danger Point and Cape Agullhas, which we had passed early yesterday morning, in very thick weather, or we might have seen her and gone to her help. We also had news of reported engagements with Zulus at Zoblane and Ekowie. The S.S. *Pretoria* was lying near us.

My cousin, Abram Jackson, came aboard and remained until 10 p.m., when we weighed anchor, and started for East London.

Saturday 5th.—Bath at 6 a.m. About 9.30 a.m. we sighted the ships lying in the open roadstead of East London. We were running within three miles of the shore, which is very sandy, with small shrubs, and beyond this grassy plains sloping away inland. Arrived at East London at 11 a.m. Signal from the shore was: “*Dunkeld* wait.” The S.S. *German*, *Dotterell*, *Venice*, and *Gallena* (second steamer of a new line from Europe) were lying here. The *German* steamed off for Algoa Bay at 11.30. Our passengers were lowered in a large basket into a life-boat. This is the worst port on the coast, and passengers often have to be transferred to a ship lying at anchor, and wait many days before they can get ashore. To-day the sea was quite calm, but the ship rolled very much. We left at 12 o’clock, and steamed within one mile of the shore; we noticed several native kraals and cattle. Frequently little valleys run down to the sea, with small streams. The colour of the sea was a dirty green: this is caused by the Agullhas current, which ran against us at the rate of eight miles an hours.

CHAPTER V.

NATAL.

Sunday 6th.—We passed the S.S. *Florence*, No. 1 of the transports, at 6 a.m. She left Cape Town twenty-seven hours before us, and has had no delays. We passed the Umtamvuna River at 8.30 a.m.; it forms the boundary on the S.W. between Natal and Kaffraria; it is a dirty river, and brings down a great deal of matter in suspension, it discolours the sea for two or three miles. We are now thoroughly in the Indian Ocean, and out of the influence of the Agullhas current, and the water is a lovely blue. We were still running within two miles of the shore. The coast line is a little higher, and there are mountains showing behind; the wild banana, sugar plantations, and the bush were clearly visible from the ship.

The passengers on board were:—Hon. — Bourke, son of the late Lord Mayo, going out as a correspondent. Captain Brown, of Lonsdale's Horse. Mrs. Lamport and three daughters; she lives eight miles S.W. of Durban, where they have a big farm and a sugar plantation; they were returning after a three months' stay at Cape Town, where they had gone in order that they might be absent if the Zulus overran Natal. There were several military men and about twelve children.

About mid-day we sighted the Bluff off Durban; it is a hill 200 feet above the sea, with the sides nicely wooded, and has a lighthouse and signal station at the summit. About 2 p.m. we saw the first ship lying at the anchorage, then another and another. At 3 p.m. we rounded the bluff, and half-an-hour afterwards were lying at anchor among the following ships:—Men of war—*Shah*, 28 guns, and *Boadicea*. Transports—*City of Venice*, *Russia*, *China*, *Olympus*, *Palmyra*, and *England*.

The steam tug *Fox* soon came off to fetch us ashore; the ladies were lowered in a large basket, but most of the gentlemen went down a rope ladder; I had to wait at the bottom of this ladder some time for a favourable roll to send the *Fox* near enough for me to step across. Just as we were ready to be off the S.S. *Florence* hove in sight, which we had

passed in the morning, and the port captain insisted on going aboard, to give her the bill of health. We had to wait some time while she swung round. Our captain was said to be drunk, and after making two ineffectual attempts to get alongside, in one of which we almost ran into the *Florence* amidships, the Curries' agent went to the helm, and forcibly removed him, and with the third attempt we made fast to the *Florence*; then the port captain jumped aboard. We passed close to the S.S. *England*, which had brought out the 17th Lancers; although Sunday, they were busy disembarking the troops and horses; we saw several horses slung up and hanging in mid air as they were being lowered into the lighters. Fortunately for us it was a very calm day, but there is always a considerable swell on this coast, and the little tug *Fox* rose up and down on the waves by the side of the *Florence*, and really made me quite anxious for our own safety. At last we made for the shore, passing close to the stern of one barque which had been driven ashore during a recent gale a month ago, and we saw another barque ashore a little to the north.

As we crossed the bar, which is thirty feet wide, and has about ten to twelve feet of water over it, we neared the beautiful wooded bluff, and saw what now remains of three breakwaters, begun but still unfinished for want of money. The bluff extends along the west side of the inland bay; opposite the lighthouse is the Point, and this, with the landing stage, forms the north side of the entrance, which is about one hundred yards wide. The bay is thus quite land-locked, and is able to receive any ships that can cross the bar; the large ships have to lie outside in the open sea, and are obliged to continually keep up steam, for if the wind rises they have to go out to sea. The beautiful hill, called the "Berea," forms the north side of the bay; the town of Durban lying at its foot, and close to the bay, but two miles from the Point. The Berea is high above the town, and nicely wooded, and all the rich merchants' houses are built there.

We landed at 5.45 p.m., and were disgusted to find no carriages to take us up to the town; but Captain Ridge, who was there, advised us to take coolies. So we engaged two or three and walked on towards the town. The coolies here are far more slenderly clothed than we have hitherto seen them; one man had a sack, with holes for his arms, legs, and head; very few had much in the shape of trousers. We had not proceeded a quarter-of-a-mile when we met a

cart, on which we mounted, dismissing the coolies. But a new difficulty arose, the horses were restive and would not turn round, so we had to get out and turn the cart round. When the cart was round the driver so unmercifully whipped the horses that, had not the road been level and straight, we should certainly have come to grief. Durban was so filled with the troops that we were obliged to go to the Central Hotel, which was a very dirty place, but the people were obliging. After supper we strolled out and met Captain Ridge, who kindly put our names down at the club, by which means we were able to have our meals in comfort. We went into the church in time for the last hymn and benediction. It was a lovely moonlight night, with beautiful cumuli clouds.

Monday 7th.—The mosquitos annoyed us in the night, as well as an old cock in an adjoining garden, who made it his duty to crow most of the night. After breakfast, we walked through the Public Garden to the post office. The post office is carefully barricaded with sand bags, and every precaution taken to make it a strong position should the Zulus invade. The Public Garden lies between West and Smith streets, and contains many trees, but at this time of year no flowers. There were numbers of lovely large butterflies to be found, not particularly in this Garden, but everywhere.

We lunched at the club, and afterwards went down to the Point to see about our luggage. We found it pitched out on the quay in the sun, and no one looking after it. We clambered up a little sand hill close by, and had a nice view of the Transport ships lying at anchor. Here we saw a Zulu with a snuff box in his ear. There is a rough laagar constructed of sand bags and corrugated iron at the Point. The bush is very dense by the side of the railway. We noticed castor oil plants, mango trees, palms, many creepers, and flowering plants.

There is a coolie woman in our hotel; she wears a common print dress, and a red shawl gracefully wound round the upper part of her body; she has nose and earrings and silver bangles. The coolie men wear turbans; the women lovely bangles and anklets. We found the heat very oppressive to-day.

Tuesday 8th.—We started at 7.30 for the Berea, going along the main road to the Diamond Fields part of the way; it was a lovely road, through the woods, and there were many houses in little clearings, with convolvulus, bougainvillea and a large lamium. We passed a camp of the 17th Lancers. In a little over half-an-hour we arrived at the house of

Mr. Greenacre, who had kindly asked us to breakfast. We were very hot by the time our walk was ended, although so early in the day. Mr. Greenacre has a beautiful house, with a garden in perfect order, possessing a fine view over the Bay, Durban, Bluff, and outer anchorage. The garden at the back of the house slopes down to the Botanical Gardens; there are several araucarias, the Star of Bethlehem, and a nice little fernery. After breakfast we went to the balcony, where Mr. Greenacre keeps a fine telescope, sufficiently powerful—so he says—to see what the captains are eating on their ships at the anchorage.

At 11 a.m. 500 Zulus, forming our Native Contingent, passed up West street, going to the front, singing their war dance, carrying assegais, and having very little clothing.

At 12.40 we took the train to Avoca, passing between two camps and along the foot of the Berea to Umgeni Station. There are little patches of virgin forest everywhere, and open pieces of rich pasture. Beyond Umgeni there is altered rock, and a fine bridge over the river; then the rail ascends a glen with sugar canes on one side, and dense woods, with many old trees, on the other side. The woods are thick and impassable below, and overhead flat and much intermingled with many creepers and air roots resembling snakes. At the top of the glen the wood is on both sides, then a steep descent of 1 in 80 for a mile-and-a-half, with high grass at the bottom of the valley, looking very snakey. Avoca was reached, where we found a decent hotel. We were not far from Verulam, and only about fifty miles from Ekowie, where Pearson was confined. There was a little plot of flowers growing a stone's throw from the hotel, with a little water near, and here there were innumerable butterflies of lovely tropical kinds hovering about. One of our party, possessed of a pith hat and a net, caught a great number, and carried them home on pins stuck into the top of his hat. After lunch, we walked up a little hill covered with sugar canes, and obtained a view of the rolling, round-topped, hilly country. At 2.48 we returned to Durban. Near Umgeni twelve ambulance carts, with eight mules apiece, passed us in the road, driving up to the front. At 5 p.m. we drove out to the Botanical Gardens in a spider; the road was the same we had used in the morning for some way, and then along a narrow grassy bridle-path, where we continually touched the bushes on each side. Two-thirds of a mile along this pretty lane brought us to the wicket gate of the Gardens, which are situated on the slope of a hill, and consist of grassy paths and

a most luxuriant growth of plants and trees. We noticed the following: numerous palms, poinsettias, five feet high and bushy, allamanda, bougainvillea, one walk shaded with mango trees and having pine apples for a border, lovely creepers, gardenias, plumbago, several lovely araucarias, some crotans, and several trees with bright red blossoms at the top. We drove back, passing two camps.

There are thousands of Malays in Durban, and the men are very remarkable for their thin black legs.

Wednesday 9th.—We left Durban in the 9.15 train for Maritzburg. The rail runs at first along the Bay, and then starts up through patches of virgin forest and undulating country for three miles, by gradients of 1 in 38; gradually you ascend higher and higher, and often have pretty peeps through grassy or wooded glens. Then higher and higher, the railway winds snake-like round sharp curves of 800 feet radius and gradients of 34, 39 and 40. Views increase in distance, and after passing Pinetown, table-looking mountains are seen; the convolvulus, campanula, tree fern, and a yellow flower are met with. After Pinetown, the woods soon cease, as the wooded coast belt is passed, and nothing but fine pasture lands are met with. The railway goes almost entirely through sandstone, but a little altered rock is met with in one place. Higher and higher we climb, still snake-like, and apparently along the tops of the mountains. For some miles before reaching Botha's Hill, now the terminus of the railway, the old road is followed, and in one place we noticed it was three hundred feet wide; teams of oxen and wagons are continually going along. This was the sixteenth day that the railway beyond Pinetown had been opened. We passed a precipitous cliff, along the face of which the rail was cut, and arrived at Botha's Hill at 12.30.

We were told that the 'bus we had taken tickets in "was broke," and we were all bundled into a two-wheeled post cart on the top of our baggage. In addition to this inconvenience I had to have a sack of bread on my knees; one man, who was sitting behind, was made to come to the front seat and sit on the foot-board, with his head and body between another man's legs, and his own legs dangling in the air—anything but a safe position. We had six horses, and went at a great pace. After three miles we pulled up for lunch, and were told that our luggage could not go any further; fortunately another 'bus soon turned up, and we were able to change from the post cart to it, and to take all our luggage. We got into rather a scrape at lunch; we were

using strong language at the inconvenience of finding no 'bus, and having to do without our luggage, when the old lady, who was looking after us, spoke up sharply, saying that accidents would happen, that they had plenty of 'buses in Maritzburg, but the difficulty was to get them down; she spoke to us most severely, just like a woman can. Up to this moment we were not aware that she had any connection with the owners, but we now found that she was the wife of the proprietor, and living at this nice farm. From here we had seven heavy miles to traverse, a range of granite mountains crossing our path, the road over which is not well-made, and there are several very awkward hills and precipitous places over which we had to walk; once over these seven miles, a little more than twenty miles of decent track remained. But at present the roads are much cut up by the extra traffic, and there are many holes and ruts, to avoid which we had to drive over the veldt. We bumped and jolted along; changed horses at Camperdown and at Thornville Hotel, where we had a cup of tea. We could see the track of the railway in many places near the road. The dust was very disagreeable all through the journey, but during the last hour it was simply awful, and I frequently felt that I could not breathe. Our first view of Maritzburg was obtained from the top of a hill about three-and-half miles distant. We could not see much, as the sun was setting and the dusk was coming on quickly, as it does in this country. We could see many of the trees surrounding the town, and a few of the houses. The view, though poor, was quite sufficient to re-invigorate our drooping spirits. Down one more long hill, with some jolts that exceeded all previous ones, and across a girder bridge over the river, and we were in Maritzburg. We went to the Royal, and found it quite full, but succeeded in each having a room with a stranger.

While at dinner, my friend, Mr. Badock, looked me up, and afterwards took me for a walk round the town. First to the post office, where he showed me the laager preparations; every window was fitted with a stout wooden shutter, pierced for musketry. A wooden fence stretched across the yard behind the post office to a church, another crossed Church Street in two places, and helped to enclose a number of houses and buildings, which were each separately fortified with stout wooden shutters. The laager enclosed the whole of the post office block, and a large portion of a block beyond Church Street. The two extreme angles were strengthened with bastions. This defence was made by Chinese workmen in three days. We then walked to the barracks, which are situated

on a little hill to the south-west of the town ; and returned by Church Street, passing a drunken soldier asleep in the path, with his pockets rifled.

On returning to the hotel I found some dispute had arisen as to my bed, which was finally settled by my sleeping in the barman's bed and he on a sofa elsewhere.

Thursday 10th.—After breakfast we visited Mr. Badock's store ; it is the old Dramatic Hall, and will prove, I should think, very convenient and useful. After lunch we visited all the Kaffir stores in search of curiosities, but were not very successful. In one shop we were shown the fire-stick of the Zulu, which, moved in a certain way, produces fire by means of friction ; but we were told that this once useful stick was seldom used by them now, as they can obtain matches so cheaply.

We met two old passengers by the *Conway Castle*, Messrs. Stone and Strother.

Good Friday, 11th.—One of our party, while at Maritzburg, was accustomed to sleep with a heavy knobbed stick and a nasty-looking Spanish dagger by his side, in order that he might not be taken by surprise if the Zulus made an onslaught in our direction : and this was not improbable, as we were only fifty miles from the Tugela River, which forms the boundary between Zululand and Natal. We went to St. Luke's Cathedral for 9.30 service, which was pleasantly ritualistic, but not offensively advanced. After church we strolled out to the Park, which is situated upon the further bank of the river we had crossed when entering the town. It is planted with trees, and has nice walks and drives, and in one place a nice suspension-bridge for foot passengers spans the river and leads away to a path up a pretty little ravine on the town side. There is a long avenue of mango trees through which we walked, and which brought us to the western end of the Park, where a large wooden bridge spanned the river. From this we walked up into Long Market Street, passing the Catholic Chapel. There are some pretty houses in this street ; and we noticed *euphorbia grandiflora* and *poinsettias* growing in the gardens.

After lunch we walked up Church Street to the Government House, and then across a meadow by a foot path, which is two-and-half miles long and perfectly straight, to the Botanical Gardens. There were hills around us, but they were all quite covered with grass, and rounded off at the sides and top by denudation. The Gardens are situated in a sheltered

valley in the midst of the hills, and a nice stream of water flows through them, over which has been placed a rustic bridge. I noticed the following flowers :—Aloes, coleus, chrysanthemums, gardenias, camelias, fuchsias, petunias, allocacias, a large red stone flower with protruding yellow stamens, dahlias (but small), geraniums, oleanders, euphorbia grandiflora, cocks-combs, and daturas. There were beautiful pine trees here, and we noticed many in the gardens in the town. We returned to the Hotel by the same route that we had come. There are lamps in the streets of the town, some of which are lighted at night, but they are dim, oil ones ; and walking after dark through all these South African towns is very dangerous, as heaps of rubbish and huge boxes are frequently left in the middle of the streets.

The Zulus are very fond of a red military coat or a long military overcoat ; if they have a shirt, and anything in the way of trousers, the shirt is always left outside the trousers. A shirt only is considered sufficient clothing. Every Zulu carries a snuff box : this is most usually pushed into a large hole in the lobe of his ear. Necklaces of coloured beads are very fashionable, and we were told that each tribe has a different colour. A warrior is either naked or wears a sort of short apron behind of fur, and an exceedingly small one in front of the same material.

Saturday 12th.—Up at 6.15 and waiting for the cart to drive us to Howick. Seven o'clock came, eight o'clock, and not until 8.30 did we get off, although the order was for 7 a.m. : such is their casual notion of time in the Colony. The cart was a light American spider, with two frisky greys, and a Mauritius Coolie named "Richard," a very good driver. We drove down the Commercial Road, across half-a-mile of level country at the bottom of the town, and then we commenced the ascent of the well-known Town Hill, which with gradients mostly very steep, continues to ascend for five miles. As we rose higher and higher, the view of the green hills, and the little farms, nestling in clumps of trees in little sheltered valleys, became more extensive. It appears to be a grand grazing country. The rock seems an altered one, of dioritic appearance ; it weathers yellow, but is not heavy enough or crystalline enough for a true igneous rock. Near the first hotel, (which is about half-a-mile from the top of the hill,) the rocks peep out of the green grass and give quite a relief to the scene. From a window at the back of the hotel there is a grand view. The house is perched on the edge of a precipice, and in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, with a great valley below, dotted over with farms and

little patches of wood. At the top of the hill the view is very extensive but not very striking. The Drakenberg Mountains do not stand out as boldly as I expected they would, and the other hills have a rounded and tame appearance.

The 58th regiment left Maritzburg early this morning, and we passed them on the march about half-past nine: they were resting for lunch near a stream. We crossed one or two nasty muddy pools and a small river near Spruitsnet Hotel; the remaining six miles were very uninteresting. At the top of the last hill we obtained our first view of Howick. It looked a very small place, with only three or four houses. Descending this hill, which was short and steep, and crossing a fine wooden bridge over the Umgeni River, we reached Howick. The clergyman of the parish is an old college friend of mine, and I started at once for his house, which is situated on the top of a hill about a mile off, and from which there is a fine view of the beautiful Umgeni Falls. After the excitement of our first gush had passed away, we went for a walk to the best point from which to view the Falls. My friend took me through very tall grass, and walked along fearlessly. I felt very nervous, as it was impossible to see whether there were any snakes, and I had heard many tales of large venomous ones; but we were not attacked; and I left Natal without seeing one. These Falls are indeed very grand: they make one leap over a precipice 400 feet high into a deep ravine. There was a fair quantity of clear water, and we were fortunate enough to see them almost at their best.

At 8.20 we walked down to the church in the village, a nice small one, and well built of stone. It consists of chancel, nave, and porch. My friend's wife and the ladies of the village were busy decorating for Easter Sunday. A very strong laagar had been formed in the village, adjoining the hotel, in case the Zulus came, and from which a very gallant defence could be made. We started back for Maritzburg at 8.50 p.m., just as the 58th were pitching their camp on the other side of the river. On our way back we passed a wagon loaded with wood, with one wheel smashed. At the top of the Town Hill we had a fine distant view in the direction of Durban; this hill is 8,500 feet above the sea, and 1,200 to 1,500 feet above Maritzburg. We drove down the hill without any mishap, but not without much trembling on my part. We passed several droves of oxen and mules in the morning, which had been purchased for the Government to carry up the supplies.

Easter Sunday, 18th.—I went at eleven with Mr. Baddock to hear Dr. Colenso, in his (St. Peter's) Cathedral. In the churchyard there is a separate campanile, a wooden structure with three bells. The church is neat and plain; consists of nave, chancel, chancel arch, and north porch; it is built solidly of stone. The altar table is very plain, and ornamented with two ugly china vases, filled with flowers. Being Easter Sunday the church was decorated; flowers were laid in the windows, and common festoons hung from the three chandeliers; there was an harmonium in the chancel. The choristers came in followed by an elderly man with grey hair and beard, who read the service; Colenso came last in his lawn sleeves, and sat in his cathedra on the north side of the altar, which is a very high-backed uncomfortable looking chair. There were four ladies in white, who sat close to and seemed to form part of the choir, one of whom sustained the principal part in the anthem. The service was low, and Colenso preached a nice quiet sermon, not introducing any doctrinal or political matter.

Our chambermaid at the hotel was a little fiery tempered St. Helena woman, and her Sunday afternoon costume was very gay, consisting of all the brightest colours of the rainbow.

Easter Monday, 14th.—Major Pinto, the Portuguese traveller, who went in at the Congo and came out at the Zambesi, and went in at the Zambesi and came out at Pretoria, arrived here yesterday. We had come up from Botha's Hill in Welch's 'bus, but not being satisfied with it we determined to go down in Murray's, which was better horsed and did the journey in one hour less. We left Maritzberg at 10.45 in an old shaky post cart, but were not at all crowded. In one hour we reached the Thornville Hotel, and forty-five minutes more Camperdown, which was quite festive to-day with its annual races. The grand stand consisted of two small drinking booths, and a small crowd around formed the spectators, not numbering more than one hundred to two hundred people. After another hour we changed drivers just before we reached the hilly part of the journey; there is one very steep hill, after which the road runs along a saddle back with ugly precipices on both sides, from which, however, there are some extensive and fine views. We had a poor lunch at a miserable wayside inn of hot boiled ham, potatoes, and hard bread. We then passed over a granite hill and up a very steep pitch, passed Mrs. Welch's farm, and were soon at the station. The upheaval of these granite hills forms quite a feature in the landscape, their round-topped

summits being unmistakable. The train was very full, and left Botha's Hill at 3.45 p.m. About three miles from the line there is a very fine ravine, much resembling the Wyncliff at Chepstow. The train winds round the hills, and at one place, after a very severe curve, comes out on the side of a precipice, from which there is a grand panoramic view; we could distinctly see the bluff and lighthouse at Durban, and Pinetown lay beneath us. Beyond Pinetown we travelled through the beautifully wooded coast belt, and Durban was reached after passing through fifteen minutes' slight rain at 6.18 p.m. We had great difficulty in finding accommodation, and after spending one hour in a fruitless search were obliged to repair to the dirty Central again.

Easter Tuesday.—Up at 6.30. Had a great fuss to collect and take to the station our baggage, some of which was at the Royal Hotel and some at the Central, in time for the 7.30 train to the Point. The little tug *Fox* took us off again and carried us safely over the bar, where, most fortunately, the sea was quiet, although there was some swell rolling. We got aboard the *Dunkeld* without any trouble, and noticed the S.S. *Andean*, number 17 of the transports, and the *Morglay*, also three ships of the National Line, and the *Shah* and *Lapland*, lying at anchor. We steamed off at 9.15 a.m. with only forty passengers, and only ten appeared in the saloon at meals, and these were all gentlemen. The weather was beautiful and the sea quite calm. We had a large deck cabin to ourselves. Captain Harrison kept ten to fifteen miles off the coast, that he might have the full benefit of the currents running to the west. There was to be a grand review in Durban this morning at 8 a.m., of the Lancers and Artillery, and most of us felt it a great nuisance to be obliged to leave at 7.30, more especially as we knew that an extra hour would make no difference to us, as was afterwards proved.

Colonel Walker, one of Sir Bartle Frere's aides-de-camp, was aboard. He had been shut up with the garrison in Ekowie, and had caught the fever, as his head clearly testified; he was a very nice fellow—tall, handsome, and agreeable. Also a gentlemen, who had come straight down from the Free State on the post cart. I felt very hot and unwell all the morning, but better in afternoon, and thoroughly glad to leave Natal in spite of its beauty, as I was afraid the great heat would seriously affect me. While we were in Natal the maximum shade temperature varied from 70° to 90°, and the lowest reading at night was 63°. The readings in the sun varied from 115° to 142°.

I will here insert a few notes on the Natal Government Railway. The gauge is three feet six inches ; the carriages are small and built on the English system : they have an automatic vacuum brake fitted to all the trains and carriages. They have small but very powerful engines, built by Peacock, of Manchester. The gradients are never steeper than 1 in 80 ; there is a mile-and-a-half of this gradient near Avoca, and three miles at the sharp turn above Pinetown. Curves are often made with a radius of 800 feet, and have to be run over with great caution. Water for their engines seems their greatest difficulty. The speed seldom exceeds ten miles an hour.

CHAPTER VI.

PORT ELIZABETH & GRAHAMSTOWN.

Wednesday 16th.—We dropped anchor at East London at 7.45 a.m., and two lighters were immediately brought alongside, and the forty-eight tons of goods which we had to discharge were quickly put on board. These were all goods sent to Natal for Kimberly, but owing to the high freight in Natal, had been sent here to go up country through King Williams Town and Queenstown. The lifeboat came off with the mails and a few passengers. We had signalled, "Want lighters to take off forty-eight tons ; have three passengers and mails to go ashore."

The S.S. *Gallena* was still here : this does not speak well of the new Line. The surf was breaking quite high on the shore from the swell, but the sea was, most fortunately, quite calm. We steamed off at 9 a.m. The water was now a dirty green colour, as we were in the Agullhas current again. We passed Port Alfred at the mouth of the Kowie River at 2.30 : it seems a desolate place, and from the sea the only thing to be seen is the lighthouse on the breakwater. There was a topsail schooner lying off here. We sighted the lights of Port Elizabeth at 6 p.m., and passed Bird Islands about the same time. We made our anchorage at 8.30, and as no boat came off, we had the pleasure of spending another night on the water. The sea had been quite calm all day, and after dark the phosphorescence was very lovely, the unbroken crest of the wave caused by the steamer passing through the water giving off a beautiful green white hue.

Thursday 17th.—There was a lovely sunrise at 6.20 a.m. At 7.30 we went ashore in a steam launch, landed on the jetty, passed the customs without any trouble, and went to the Phoenix Hotel, a very dirty place, but the best in the town ; the food was good, but the bedrooms were very indifferent. After breakfast I delivered my introductions. There was a hot wind about ten o'clock—the only one I experienced while in South Africa—the thermometer rapidly rose to 80°, and the atmosphere became very close. After lunch we drove out to the North End Park, where there is a Botanical Garden, principally filled with pine trees, but

containing a house covered with matting, in which are begonias and lovely adiantums. Flower pots being expensive, old biscuit and other tins are used in the place of them. We then drove to the St. George's Park on the hill, passing a white Kaffir near the gaol. Here there is also a Botanical Garden, which is very nicely kept. All the merchants' houses are situated on the hill, and the Park and Garden are much used by them. As there is no soil on the hill, it has to be all taken there. We found many beautiful flowers, and a glass house without heat, containing adiantums of many new kinds, the metallic begonia, allocacias, etc. In the garden the great datura, but not flourishing; dahlias, but not fine—South Africa does not suit them. There was a nice large pond in the centre of the garden filled with lilies and surrounded by closely-cut grass: this garden seemed very nicely kept, and vied with Grove House, Salisbury, in neatness.

When we arrived last night the following steamers were lying in the bay:—*American*, which left at midnight, *Dunrobin Castle*, *Pretoria*, and *Morglay*, which left at mid-day. The ships lie a mile from the shore, and the cargo is placed in lighters, which are run up on the sand, where naked Kaffirs walk alongside standing up to their waists in water, and take the cargo ashore on their heads. These fellows receive six shillings and sixpence a day, and have lately struck for more wages. Kaffirs working in the stores get twenty-five shillings a week.

In every other town but Cape Town you find numbers of bullock wagons in all the streets; this makes the streets in a great mess, and Main Street, Port Elizabeth, is quite difficult to cross at mid-day, owing to the number of these wagons. This evening there was a tremendous thunderstorm and much heavy rain, while the lightning was a lovely vivid pink.

Friday 18th.—Saw my cousin soon after breakfast: he had been up country shooting with six or eight others, and had been very fortunate, making the largest bag of the party. We saw a Malay priest this morning, gorgeously dressed in a gay dressing gown, with a brown ulster or cassock over it, white trousers and a white turban. After lunch we walked out on the Cape Town road to a Kaffir location of a dozen huts, but were unable to buy anything. Dined with my cousin this evening, at his house on the hill.

Saturday 19th.—We left Port Elizabeth by the 1.45 p.m. train, in wet soaking rain, for Coernay, a station on the Grahamstown line. The line

runs along the flats to the Zwartkops River, then gradually higher land is reached, covered with high unfired veldt or bush, which gives quite a wooded and picturesque appearance to the country. The rail winds round the valleys and crosses the Sunday River by a long girder bridge; the river was very low. Further on we crossed a summit of four hundred feet, and soon reached Coernay. Plumbago grows freely; aloes and cacti seem to flourish everywhere. It was raining smartly as we arrived at the hotel, which is close to the station; the hotel is one-storied, built of zinc—clean, but very cold. Just before sunset we witnessed a grand rainbow. The primary bow was very clear; above this was another, quite distinct, with the colours reversed; beneath the primary bow were two others, the colours being in the same order as those of the primary one, but they were much nearer to the primary bow than the one above, although not so distinct and bright; below these again there were distinct traces of a fifth bow, with the colours in the same order as the two last mentioned. The sun set within ten minutes.

The only fire in the hotel was in the kitchen, which was detached from the rest of the building, so we were obliged to sit with our overcoats on.

Sunday 20th.—Very wet and cold night. Tremendous downpour of rain at 4 a.m.; at early dawn the birds were singing, which gave promise of a fine day. As we were miles from any church, we strolled, after breakfast, along the main road to Somerset East for a mile, and then by a path across the veldt, which is exceedingly high, with many considerable trees in it; most of them rather stumpy; and some of them with red blossoms. The plumbago grows everywhere, also a wood sorrel and a pretty ixia. When crossing the veldt by the footpath, we came across the spoor of some wild animal: there is known to be a herd of wild elephants near here, which are not unfrequently seen; but we thought this was the spoor of a buck. We were on one side of a plain; on the other side lies a range of hills all covered with high bush—the Zoorberge—over which is a pass, that we intended to drive to, in order that we might have a very fine view; but the roads—which much resemble those of England 200 years ago—are cut up and spoilt, and become in many places quite a quagmire after heavy rain: so the journey was impossible.

After dinner we strolled along the line, and found some large black beetles one-and-half inches long and very broad; they were very numerous,

and were busily engaged in heaps of manure making little round balls of that material to bury their eggs in, some balls being one-and-half to two or more inches in diameter: when the regulation size is reached, they dexterously roll the balls along by pushing them with their hind legs, standing while doing so more or less on their heads: the ball is rolled into the sand and given a covering of that substance. Sometimes we found two beetles, one on each side, each ignorant of the other's presence: in such a case, it is impossible to say how long they would remain pushing against one another. They seemed to us very sleepy insects. Further on we found a large centipede, which one of our party, with his usual ardour, captured and endeavoured to bring home. Aloes and cacti abound everywhere; also the pretty ivy-leaved geranium of our English gardens. We walked as far as the forty-first mile stone, from which there is a nice view over a valley that lay between us and the Zoorberge. When we returned to the hotel, we found three wagons outspanned near us, and a flock of 800 sheep waiting to be taken on by the railway.

Monday 21st.—We left Coernay at 8 a.m. in glorious sunshine; the country as far as Sandflats is very pretty and nicely undulating, being covered with high bush, amongst which is a great quantity of the mimosa, a tree which is covered with sharp strong spines three inches long. Beyond Sandflats, the railway makes an S turn up the side of a hill, and we noticed beautiful blue distant effects. The rock is sandstone and shale. At the top, numbers of wooded valleys start off in all directions, and the railway seems to coquette with these before making its choice of route; but the choice once made, it descends a beautiful valley, and many were the views we saw, as the rail wound round the curves of the lovely hills, covered with the high bush from their bases to their summits. We passed along a gorge formed by the Bushman's River, which is narrow, and only just leaves room for the road and railway; the rocks on either side are highly contorted. The river, though now only a dribble, showed signs of having lately been much swollen.

At Alicedale, we noticed a pretty blue iris, which is so destructive to animal life, that oxen are almost invariably killed by eating it. The oxen who live in this neighbourhood know this iris and will not touch it; but strange oxen are often poisoned by it. Beyond the station, which is nicely built of stone, with coverings to two platforms, the rail to Cradock branches off to the left, and that to Grahamstown—by which we were travelling—to the right. Here are banks of beautiful flowers: the

blue iris, the lovely red ixia and red wood sorrel; beyond, prickly pear, aloes, and echeverias.

The rail gradually rises on the south bank of the river, and at one place passes along the edge of a precipice, at the foot of which runs the river. Then the valley becomes broader and less interesting, the bush not so high, and often replaced by grass. I noticed a large spider in the middle of a web two feet wide, which he had spun on the side of the embankment; also some *strelitzia*—a daffodil-shaped, reddish looking flower. A little further on, we passed a rock, the top of which looked exactly like an alligator. On the high ground ant-hills are very numerous; ten square yards could scarcely be found without two or three. They are large ones, about two to three feet high. The high country we were traversing is bleak and uninteresting. It is covered with loose stones and boulders, and there is not a shrub to be seen. Just before Highlands—the summit station—is reached, a grand view is seen on the south side of all the country stretching to the Indian Ocean, and in two or three places the ocean itself. On the north we saw the Winterberg, with snow on its upper flanks, and the Catberg Mountains further to the right. Queenstown is on the other side of these mountains to the eastward, and Craddock to the westward. From here to Atherstone, now the terminus of the line, we wound round a sort of table land valley, where numerous gladiolas and other bulbs were flowering profusely. The terminus was reached at twelve o'clock, where we changed into a vehicle, which was dignified with the name of a coach, but was really a Cape cart on four wheels, with the middle seat reversed, and a step on one side: we had six horses and four passengers. We drove along a new track, which closely followed the proposed and now almost finished railway, which in a few more months will be opened all the way to Grahamstown. The road and rail both go over the top of the highest hill between Alicedale and Grahamstown. This gave us some fine distant views; but it also exposed us to the wind, which was blowing very keenly over this mountain. Grahamstown lies in a sort of hollow, surrounded by hills of 800 feet on all sides except the south. The town is about three miles square, and there are two ridges running the whole length of it, which give an up and down effect to the cross streets. The first view of Grahamstown is very pleasing; it is seen in descending a hill, when the town, which is quite nestled in trees, gradually shows itself. Grahamstown has quite an English aspect: there are two church spires—one a

new one—which, with a façade, has just been erected to the cathedral, from drawings of Sir Gilbert Scott, to replace the old and very mean original façade; the other is a less pretentious one, and forms a part of Christ Church. We drove in by Prince Alfred Street, passing many quaint old-fashioned English-looking houses, two-storied, with large bay windows, containing twelve panes of glass apiece. High Street is one hundred and forty feet broad, consisting of one hundred feet of roadway and twenty feet on either side for footwalk; there are trees down either side, and at the bottom of the street the cathedral, with its new spire, stands right in the middle of the street, and forms quite an imposing feature. We put up at Wood's hotel, which was the most English hotel we stayed at in the Colony, having large doors, wide passages, and big coffee room.

I had intended to drive up to an ostrich farm on the other side of the Fish River, and on enquiry, was told that it was thirteen, then twenty-two, then thirty-five miles distant; but during the day I happened to meet the gentleman whom I was going to see, and he told me that it was thirty-nine miles, and that the last twelve miles were over a very rough road. As I had been dreadfully shaken on the Natal roads, I had no desire to try these; so I expressed to him my deep sorrow at not being able to visit him and his good lady.

At the upper end of High Street there is a sort of triumphal arch, and beyond it a large open green square, with the Government House, a public school, and barracks. As I passed across to the Botanical Gardens the boys were drilling, and afterwards I saw them playing cricket. The Gardens are approached by an avenue of oaks, which follow on and form a further and much denser avenue inside. The ground slopes upward on the right of this central path and downward on the left; the upper portion is confined to trees, the lower has many well-kept flower beds and hedges of bougainvillea, also fine rows of aloes; among the flowers I noticed verbenas, lauristinus, some poor chrysanthemums, oleanders, poinsettias, pampas grass, gesneras, hibiscus, euphorbia grandiflora, a beautiful tall slim cyprus—the pride of the gardens—a fine magnolia tree, and ficus elastica tree, and several beautiful araucarias. In a very pretty conservatory:—fine fan and other palms, several alocacias, small azalea, crotans, passion flower, begonias, and a few ferns.

Tuesday 22nd.—I paid a hurried visit after breakfast to the museum, which is small, and contains a few birds, snakes, shells, minerals, and

rather a good collection of fossils. We left at 10 a.m. in the same coach in which we had arrived yesterday; we were the only passengers, and found it much warmer on the top of the hills, partly because we had better seats, and partly because there was not so much wind. We arrived at Atherton at 11.30, and as the train did not start until 12.30, we spent the time in flower and bulb hunting. This line of railway, from six miles east of Alicedale to Commando Kraal, is very beautiful and well worth a visit. Cattle often stray on the line, and are usually frightened away by opening the steam valves near the cylinders on the locomotives. There was a very fine sunset, which we saw from the train; a bank of clouds lay near the horizon, very thick and low on the right, and very thin on the left of the sun; as the sun set, the clouds on the left were lit up with brilliant red, and below stretched a long patch of pale green; this changed in intensity, and then a grand streak of red shot out to the right. Ten minutes afterwards there was an after-glow, which lighted up the same clouds, but not to such an intense red. We arrived at Port Elizabeth thoroughly tired, after eight hours' journey, and were very glad to be at the Phoenix again.

The Cape Government Railway, of the Eastern Provinces, does not differ from that of the Western, except that the stations are mostly built of wood, except Alicedale and Port Elizabeth, which are both well-built, the former of stone and the latter stuccoed, but neither of them is as imposing as Cape Town Station.

Wednesday 23rd.—After lunch we walked out to St. George's Park on the hill, and I noticed a beautiful *araucaria ocellata*, which is not mentioned in my former visit. We all dined with my cousin at 7 p.m.

The steamers *Pretoria*, *Asiatic*, *Walmer Castle*, and *Lapland* were in the bay; the *Lapland* left during the night.

Thursday 24th.—S.S. *African* from Natal arrived at daybreak. After breakfast we spent some time in buying rugs, ostrich eggs, and feathers. I lunched with Mr. Jackson, at his house on the hill, and he kindly accompanied me to the jetty, and took me aboard the *Pretoria*, in Jerry's steam launch, with a Mr. Abramson from Bloemfontein, who was a passenger for England. The wind was off shore, and the sea quite fresh and agitated as we reached the ship at 3 p.m. The visitors left the ship at 4 p.m., and the time dragged on and no attempt was made to get the ship off; there were ten lighters alongside with cargo for the ship. The wind dropped at sunset.

Friday 25th.—The ship left Algoa Bay at 8 a.m. this morning. We rounded Cape St. Francis at breakfast time, and Platenberg Bay at 2 p.m. Before reaching this, we could see the Knysna Mountains, many of them attaining a considerable height. We were running along within five miles of the coast; the sea was fresh early this morning, but calm with heavy swell at lunch time. Beyond Plattenberg Bay we were only three miles from the coast, which is somewhat abrupt, with red rocks and ravines, some of which are nicely wooded. At 3.45 p.m. we passed the Knysna river and harbour; the entrance is very narrow, with cliffs on either side; there appears to be a nice inlet within, but the harbour is difficult to make for sailing vessels; behind it are hills rising up, some of them wooded. We sighted Mossel Bay at 5 p.m., and made our anchorage at 7.30 p.m., when some boats came off immediately. Just at dusk we noticed the smoke of a steamer to the south-west, and a small barque.

Saturday 26th.—Awoke to find we were still in Mossel Bay. Lighters continued to arrive with wool, sheep-skins, etc., and one came with about forty-five sacks of walnuts for Cape Town. The town at Mossel Bay seems nicely perched on a sloping hill, much like Simon's Town. The country around is bare and rocky; on the other side of the bay the hills rise up to the Montacute Pass, and their tops were all capped with clouds, while their flanks looked very blue. The town of George was not visible.

Some excitement was caused about 10 a.m. by a boat coming off to the steamer with two policemen, who were in search of some man, whom they soon found, and whose only offence, as far as I could learn, was that he had battered in his son's skull, by way of a happy parting on the previous evening. The "Roberts"—who looked as if the word larceny would not convey any meaning to them—took their man and returned to the shore. This good man was in charge of a young lady to Cape Town, which charge he had to hand over to some one else.

An old Hall man, (Trinity Hall, Cambridge,) named Elder, who was aboard, came up and recognized me as we were steaming out of the Bay at 11.30 a.m. He has just spent four months at Bloemfontein, and does not speak well of the place. He says they had a thunderstorm every evening at 5 p.m., and that the floor of his room was generally damp.

The crowds of people on this boat—which is the most favourite one of the Union Line—are very trying. Jews, Germans, rough up-country people, and crowds of children playing and being sick indiscriminately

over the quarter-deck. The sea was quite calm, with a slight swell rolling. We kept about ten miles from the coast, which at first is rocky, but afterwards sandy. We had a quiet sunset, free from clouds, and passed Cape Agullhas at 9.30 p.m. about ten miles off, after which I turned in, feeling that all further travelling would bring me nearer home.

Amongst the cargo on board, I noticed a great number of barrels marked "Garton & Co., Bristol."

As this was the only journey that I made in a Union Company's steamship, I will mention a few differences that I noticed between the two Lines. The *Pretoria* is the "crack" ship of the Union Co., hence all comparisons ought to be advantageous to this Line. On deck we had a nice promenade on either side, but no better than that of the *Walmer Castle*. There are no deck cabins, but the companion-way is very large and takes up much room, and beyond this the ventilators block up the deck and prevent it from being clear for theatricals or dancing. Around the top of the companion-way inside there is a nice place for the invalids to sit and take the fresh sea air. In the saloon, the seats are all armed chairs, very comfortable indeed at meal times; but between meals, we felt the loss of the snug and comfortable cushions, upon which all the inside passengers sit in the new Currie's boats that have square saloons, and on which the afternoon siesta was always taken. Then there is an ugly mast passing through and disfiguring the saloon. The fiddle boxes are more convenient as, in addition to the place for the plate, there is a special place for the tumbler, wine-glass, and wine bottle.

In the cabin, the chain mattresses are very comfortable and luxurious when the ship is steady, but when she rolls the mattress seemed to give you a little additional motion, which would be anything but pleasant in a high sea. There were no curtains to the doors, windows, or bunks. All the Currie ships are luxuriously fitted with curtains. The light, at night, is the old-fashioned one, covered in with glass and lighted from the outside through a door, which is kept locked. Then the washing apparatus consists of a jug, which has to be lifted up, and a basin with a plug, which empties into a can below. These two points form the great feature of the Currie boats.—They have a candle placed near the looking-glass, with glass globe to protect it; and the washing affair consists of a reservoir or cistern above, with a tap which, when pressed, fills the basin, and after using is emptied, by removing a plug, into another receptacle below: this receptacle is emptied and the cistern filled every morning,

and the apparatus always looks neat and tidy. The smoking-room on the *Pretoria* is placed amidships and forward of the stoke-hole, and is large, very pleasant and airy. For bath towels they gave very thin ones, whereas the Curries always gave us rough towels. In the matter of food and wines I did not perceive much difference ; but, with the small opportunity I had of judging, I should prefer the Curries.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISIT TO KING LANGALIBALELE.

Sunday 27th.—We rounded Cape Point at 5 a.m., and passed Hout's Bay at six. Table Mountain was soon visible, and the Lion's Head. The Mountain had his table cloth on, which made the sunrise very tame; shortly afterwards the clouds cleared away, and we had a very lovely day. We rounded Green Point at 8 a.m., and making a large sweep, drifted into the dock, where we were made fast at 8.30 a.m. We had been in this steamer sixty-five-and-half hours doing 450 miles; our actual steaming time was thirty-eight hours: so she could not boast that this was a fast trip.

After breakfast, we obtained a Cape cart and drove out to Cogill's Hotel, at Wynberg, where we had decided to spend ten days quietly, that we might be in good health for the long voyage home. The Customs passed us at once. At the Masonic Hotel we met Loveridge, who told us that his people were going home in the *Pretoria*, and were going to occupy the cabin which I had used. They had promised to join us in the *Walmer Castle*, hence the loss was ours. We had a lovely drive to Coghill's through the nice pine woods, the lovely Table Mountain range being constantly in sight; and we felt that Wynberg is truly called "the Garden of South Africa." We went to Wynberg Church in the evening.

Tuesday 29th.—After lunch, we went into Cape Town to see the *Pretoria* start, and found many old friends aboard; some returning to England, and some on the same errand as ourselves. The steamer did not leave the Bay until 9 p.m.

Wednesday 30th.—We strolled through the woods opposite Coghill's, and out to the veldt beyond, which stretched away down to the flats. There were some very nice fir trees, and some beautiful views of Table Mountain; but we were much disappointed in finding very few flowers, as we expected to see many bulbous plants now in blossom. After lunch we walked across Wynberg Green to Belvedere—Rathfelder's house—to call on Mrs. W——.

Thursday, May 1st.—Beautiful morning, but close and hot, clouds sailing down from the N.W. Later in the day the heat was intense, and

about 6 p.m. a thunderstorm broke over us, which had been threatening since lunch.

After breakfast, we drove to the vineyard of Mr. Herzog, taking my friend, Elder, with us. Mr. Herzog received us very kindly, made us taste some more wine, and while we were buying some ostrich feathers, he treated us to a bottle of fifteen-years-old wine, which had a very fine bouquet.

After lunch, I went into Cape Town and out to Sea Point, and scrambled a little way up the Lion's Head in search of some granite. I was unable to find a good specimen, as it was so much weathered; this granite contains large crystals of white felspar, and is similar to that at Hout's Bay. Upon the top of this granite lies an immense clay slate formation, which is wholly non-fossiliferous, and always stratified at high angles, at times almost vertical, as in the Lion's Hill.

Friday 2nd.—We went into Cape Town, and through the kindness of Lady Frere, obtained an order at the Native Affairs Office to see King Langelibalele. This Kaffir king, a great enemy of Cetywayo, rebelled against the English in Natal in 1878, and fled towards Basuto Land; he was chased on foot for two hundred miles, night and day; and had the Natal colonists caught him, they would have put him to death; but he managed to cross the border into the Cape Colony an hour or two before his pursuers, and gave-himself up to that Government, hence he was a prisoner of war, and the Natal people could not touch him. He is now living about five miles from Cape Town, under slight restraint. We took a four-wheeler, and drove through Salt River and across the flats to his palace—a very decent farm-house—having provided ourselves with presents in the form of common Boer tobacco, snuff, and Cape smoke. When we arrived, we found the ranger who looks after the king busy loading a wagon with blue gum trees, two feet six inches high, although only five months old. He said the king was out hunting, and sent one of his wives to find him. She was a fine, tall, clean—if I may use the term—looking woman, with a bright, pleasant expression on her face. There were two other wives about, whom we saw, and several small children. The king has a hundred wives, but is only allowed to have three at a time at his palace. He is allowed to change these wives whenever he likes, upon making application to the proper office; and the new ones are exchanged for the old, and sent down from Natal at the expense of the Natal government. The wife now returned, and the king soon after-

wards. He was a tall, well-made man; dark, with double chin, and a somewhat sad expression on his face, as if he wished to be back in Natal at the head of his tribe again. He was dressed in flannel shirt (no collar), trousers, pilot-coat, boots, and soft felt hat; he carried three small long knobbed sticks, and a bag made of mole skins. He received us very graciously, shaking hands all round and saying "Good morning;" then he sent the interpreter—Fife—a Kaffir, to fetch a chair, that he might sit down and receive us in a more dignified manner, we standing uncovered around him. He speaks no English, so that our conversation through the interpreter was somewhat limited. Presently we summoned up courage to ask if we might be allowed to visit the royal apartments, which request was graciously accorded. His bedroom is a very ordinary room, about ten feet square, containing a large iron bedstead, with several blankets and rugs—ordinary bear skin rugs; the pillow is the ordinary Kaffir pillow used by all the Zulus; it consisted of a piece of wood curiously carved, about two feet long and two inches wide. There were some candlesticks and a few match boxes, but nothing else of interest in the room. The room for the wives is smaller, and entirely destitute of furniture; and they are allowed to sleep on the floor, covered by the blanket which during the day is their only garment, being wound round their body several times. There is a room for the interpreter, fitted up in much the same style as the king's, and also a kitchen. He had a grown-up son of nineteen staying with him, who was dressed after the European style in a pea-jacket, trousers, etc., and with a thick coloured comforter.

The king is fed and clothed liberally; his daily rations are:—

2 lbs. bread	8 oz. vegetables	1 oz. coffee	1 bottle beer	4 oz. sugar
2 lbs. meat	4 oz. onions	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt	1 bottle wine	2 oz. rice

His weekly allowance:—4 ozs. tobacco. $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. snuff. 1 oz. pepper.

His wives are each allowed daily:—

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of bread	2 ozs. rice	1 oz. coffee
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of meat	4 ozs. sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt

And per week:—4 ozs. tobacco and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. snuff.

Soap, candles, matches, thread, needles, etc., when required.

We presented our gifts, but not on bended knee, and the king received them in a truly royal manner, not evincing any excitement or

pleasure whatever. After another shake of the hands all round, we retired from the august presence of King Langalibalile, and returned in our carriage and pair to Cape Town.

We went out to Wynberg in the 8 o'clock train, and at 4 p.m. drove to Great Constantia, the well-known vineyard of Cloeti Brothers. The road passes Mr. Van Reynan's, which I had seen before, and beyond goes through a very pretty wood; the ground on the right sloping up forms one of the spurs of the Table Mountain range. As the house is approached at Great Constantia, by an avenue of old oak trees, a magnificent view of all the country down to False Bay is obtained, including the flats, and beyond, on the other side of the Bay, those fairy-like Hottentot's Hollands Mountains. The house is a fine old Dutch one, with large rooms and no fireplaces; in the hall a fine leopard skin hung in one corner and a splendid stalagmite stood in another. The girls took us for a short ramble through the pretty woods to the vineyard, where we found a few grapes still left. We saw the arrowroot plant in blossom, and in a little ravine found the white granite, similar to that which we had seen at Hout's Bay and the Lion's Head. The excitement of our visit to the Cloeti's was much heightened by our having the same little grey pony (entire) which had run away with and upset Miss Matthews about a month before. The pony behaved fairly well on this occasion, only exhibiting a nasty habit of going along sideways and a very unpleasant way of going down hill. We returned to Cogill's to dinner without any mishap.

Saturday 8rd.—We went into Cape Town, and hired a carriage to drive over the Kloof to Sea Point and back. After the slums of Cape Town were passed, we began to rise through forests of fir trees; at each bend and turn of the road we had fine views of Cape Town, Table Mountain, and the woods at its base. We could see across the flats to the Stellenberg Mountains, which looked very fine, being tinged with distant blue. At the top of the Kloof there is a magnificent view, Table Mountain towering to the right, with the Devil's Peak beyond; then the long stretch of flats, shut in by the Hottentot's Hollands Mountains, Cape Town lying at our feet; Table Bay, with the ships at anchor, not looking blue this morning, but a green colour: the bay shut in on the left by the Lion's Rump, with the signal station, and high above, on the left, the Lion's Head. The white granite is found at the top of the Kloof, the same as at Hoet's Bay, and it is capped

by the clay slate formation, which forms the summit of the Lion's Head and Table Mountain. On the other side of the Kloof we had a fine view of Camp's Bay, with the Twelve Apostles, as the hills above it are called; and then, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, the broad Atlantic Ocean. The S.S. *Melrose* had just rounded the Point from Natal, and we had quite a race with her as we descended to Sea Point, one of the suburbs of Cape Town: the ship gained on us rapidly as far as Green Point, and there the race ended. This was one of the hottest and closest days that we experienced.

After lunch in Cape Town, I proceeded to the Observatory, where Mr. Stone (now the Professor of Astronomy at Oxford) kindly showed me the instruments. He has been engaged for eight years in making a chart of the southern heavens, which he allowed me to see: it is about two yards square, and is dotted all over with stars; but the most interesting fact he has discovered is, that the stars are most numerous in the region of the milky way. After examining the meteorological instruments, I proceeded to Wynberg by train.

Sunday 4th.—We walked to Claremont Church—a mile and three-quarters distant. The sun was hot, but the walk along the shady road, with the Table Mountain range towering above us, was very pleasant. After dinner I strolled up the Wynberg avenue, across the green, and along a very lovely road beyond the church, in the direction of Bishopstowe. The road was under a nice avenue most of the way, with one or two good houses; one belonging to the Chief Justice of the Colony, which was very substantial and nicely kept. Beyond this, I came to a place where five roads met, and taking a judicious turn, came out on the main road near Dr. Wright's, and returned to Cogill's.

As my visit to South Africa is almost finished, I will say a few words about the weather that we have experienced. During our stay in Cape Town in March and while we travelled up country, we only met with two days upon which rain fell, and this was scarcely enough to wet our clothes. We had fine weather on our journey to Natal; and during our stay in Natal there was only one quarter-of-an-hour's rain on Easter Monday. On our return to Port Elizabeth, in the Eastern Province, we had a severe thunderstorm one evening, followed by two showery days, one of which was very damp and miserable. Then on our return to the Western Province at the end of April, we had three days that were showery, on one of which we were obliged to employ a cab in Capetown.

In the Western Province the summer is dry, and during the months of December, January, February, March, and most of April, rain very seldom falls. In Natal things are reversed, and the summer is the wet and the winter the dry season. We were thus fortunate in being at Cape Town in the dry season, and also in being in Natal just at the end of the wet season ; and this accounts for the beauty of the Natal landscape which we have described as a pastoral land, whereas all the country around Cape Town seemed quite dried up and barren.

As to the temperature :—At Cape Town in March the thermometer varied from 52 to 82 degrees. On the whole we found it very pleasant, although several days were rather too warm. In Natal, during April the thermometer varied from 60 to 94 degrees, and we always found it very hot at midday, and the nights were never cold.

At Cape Town, at the beginning of May we found the mornings and evenings quite chilly, and yet it was hot in the middle of the day ; in fact, on the 3rd we had a most dreadfully close and sultry day, which was followed by thunder and rain.

Then I must say a word about the fruit :—After leaving Madeira, we had bananas, loquarts, and oranges ; but the St. Vincent oranges were the most luscious that I have ever tasted. This fruit lasted us until about three days before we reached Cape Town.

We arrived at Cape Town just as the grapes were at their best, and I think that we all did our duty to them. When we visited vineyards we had bunches and bunches given to us, and we hardly knew how to manage them. We also had pears, peaches, and green figs. The best of the pears and peaches were over, and we were only treated to hard and nasty green ones.

In Natal we had bananas, loquarts, pomegranates, green oranges, and pine-apples. The pines and bananas grow wild. The oranges were still sharp, and much resembled lemons.

Of the non-European population around Cape Town the Malays form the greater number ; the men are good drivers and thoroughly understand horses ; and the women do the washing, but not at all well, as they go to a brook, and take two large stones and rub the linen with these stones until it is threadbare, and then bring it back with very little starch, and charge three shillings a dozen withal. There are very few Kaffirs here except the convicts, who work in gangs on the breakwater. Here and there you meet with one, but they are generally old, and

have no desire to go back to their tribe. There are Hottentots, but I did not see any to recognise them.

At Port Elizabeth there are numbers of Kaffirs, and they discharge all the lighters, as I have before stated. They are also found there as household servants. I am told that they make very good nurses. There are many Malays also in the town, and a sprinkling of emigrants from St. Helena.

In Natal, we found besides the Zulus—who number twenty to every white man—numbers of Hindoo coolies : these fellows are generally short, and have thin, miserable legs. They were introduced at first to work the sugar plantations, because the Zulus can never be persuaded to stay in one place for more than a month. I was told that 6,000 of these coolies were imported in 1878.

South African hotels are usually small and dirty ; they are not expensive ; the charge for board and lodging varies from 6s. 6d. to 12s. a day ; but the meat is usually very hard. The host frequently sits at the head of the table and carves. Wine cards have to be signed when wine or beer is called for at the table. Coffee is always served after dinner. There are most generally a long row of small bedrooms on the ground floor, to which the bachelors are assigned. Nearly every hotel has a bathroom with a good-sized bath ; and hip or sponge baths can almost always be brought to the bedroom. Gratuities are only expected by the porter, unless the stay at the hotel be long.

I will finish this rough and brief account of my visit to South Africa by giving a few historical dates. The Cape was discovered in 1486 by the Portuguese under Bartholomew Diaz. The Dutch occupation commenced in 1652. In 1685 the vine was introduced by some French Huguenots. In 1795 there was a rebellion against the Dutch, and the Colony became a British possession, but it was given back to the Dutch in 1800 by treaty. By the Battle of Blaauwberg we regained possession of the Colony, and have since retained it. In 1811-12 the first Kaffir War. In 1820 the Royal Observatory was founded, and in the same year Port Elizabeth was founded. In 1835 the third Kaffir War. In 1849 the Cape Agullhas lighthouse was completed. In 1852 loss of H.M.S. Birkenhead off Danger Point, where the S.S. Clyde has lately gone down. In the former ship 9 officers and 349 men perished. In 1854 first Colonial Parliament, also the Copper Mining mania. In 1859 first railway commenced. In 1860 Prince Alfred visited the

Cape. In 1867 first diamond discovered, and in 1872 the rush to the Fields commenced.

Natal was discovered in 1497 by the Portuguese under Vasco di Gama. In 1823 first English occupation. In 1828 the Zulu King, Chaka, was assassinated. In 1888 the Zulu King, Dingaan, was assassinated. In 1858 Dr. Colenso was appointed the first Bishop of Natal. The European population in Natal is set down at 20,000, and the Zulus are said to number 292,850.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

Tuesday 6th.—After making a few calls in Cape Town, I went down to the Alfred Docks and went aboard the S.S. *Walmer Castle* about 3.30. My friend Elder came down to see us off. My friend Capell and I had two deck cabins immediately aft of the captain's, and a door communicated between them. Healey had a cabin to himself below, near the screw. At 4 p.m. the S.S. *African*—a Union ship, which started with us for England—moved out into the bay; she waited until six o'clock, and then steamed off. We moved out into the bay at 4.35 p.m., and were kept waiting for the government despatches until 8.15, when we steamed out. We were abreast Robben Island light at 9 p.m. Table Mountain, with its fleecy covering, was still in sight when I turned in at 9.40 p.m.; the sea was smooth, and there was very little wind.

H.M. troopship *Tamar* steamed out of Table Bay at 7 p.m.; she conveys the remaining widows and orphans of the 24th to England. This ship had been very busy while on the coast. She came from Colombo with two regiments, which were landed at Durban, after which she proceeded to Simon's Bay to provision for the voyage home; she had not been there many hours, when she was ordered to take the troops from the *City of Paris*, which had met with an accident in entering Simon's Bay. She proceeded to Durban and landed these troops, and returned to Simon's Bay; and before six hours had elapsed, she was ordered off to the wreck of the *Clyde*, and conveyed the troops from that ship to Durban. And she was now making her third and final attempt to start for home.

Wednesday 7th.—We passed H.M. steamship *Tamar* at 9 a.m. about ten miles to port; we could only just see her three masts, and nothing whatever of her hull. At 11 a.m. we passed a barque on our port bow three miles off; she asked us for our longitude, and also to report her well: she was a Dutch ship. At 4 p.m. we passed a barque on our port bow twelve miles off. During lunch, a lady in a cabin near to the captain's seat was most audibly suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness.

Thursday 8th.—We passed the S.S. *Balmoral Castle* at 4.30 p.m.

only 200 yards to starboard. She asked us if we were "At peace or war?" We answered "War." Then she asked, "Have you gained a victory?" We replied "No."

Friday 9th.—Towards the afternoon the swell from the westward increased. A pretty sunset, followed by a fine afterglow. We had a quiet concert after dinner, Mr. Healey and Miss Winder, and another gentleman, kindly volunteering their services.

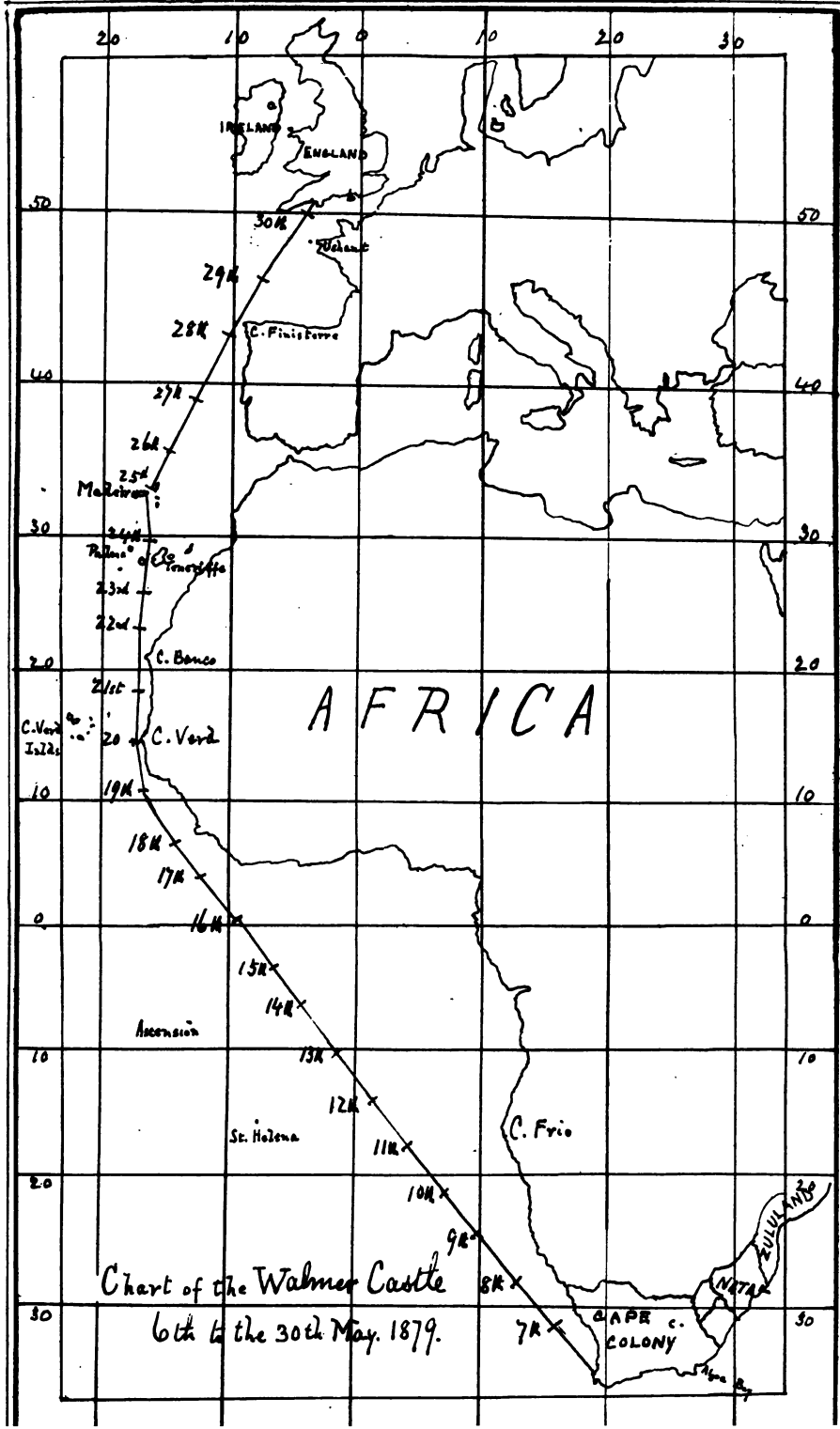
Saturday 10th.—We crossed the Tropic of Capricorn at 3 a.m. The squars'ls were hoisted up and down twice as the wind veered and altered its strength. About 4 p.m., while I was sitting reading, I heard the ship's bell tolling in a manner which was quite new to me, and I felt at once that something was wrong. In a few moments the whole crew were up on deck and rushing about; three ran to the stern and fetched a pump, others fitted on the hose, and the rest went to the boats. Seeing the officers watching it quietly, I at once knew that it was a fire drill; this was the first that I had seen in all my ocean travels. As the swell was still running, they did not lower the boats; but next Saturday, when we are near the Line, we may hope for calmer water and to see the boats lowered, as I understand the fire drill is a weekly occurrence.

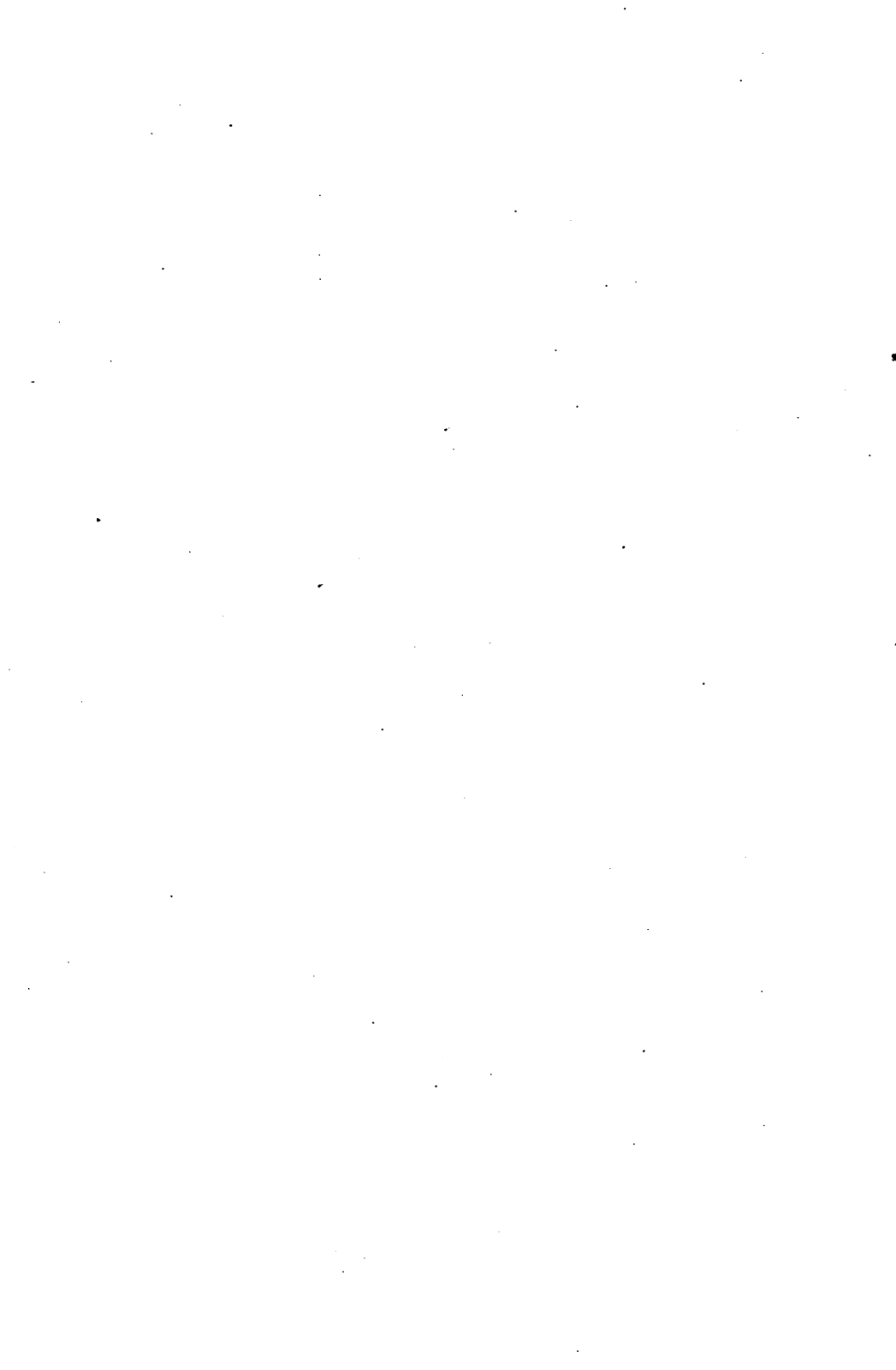
At 8 p.m. the constellation of Orion was just commencing to set. At the same time, the nearest point of the Great Bear to the Northern Star was 5° above the horizon. The Southern Cross southed at 9.40 p.m., and the moon rose at 9.55 p.m. The sky was perfectly clear and the sea smooth, but the western swell was still running.

Sunday 11th.—Inspection at 10 a.m. The chief officer went down the ranks and called over the names of the crew; the captain remained standing near the wheel. Morning service at 10.45 a.m. in the hatchway. Just as the service commenced, our seat broke down, not being sufficiently supported with camp stools. Still a heavy swell running, and not enough wind to fill our sails.

Monday 12th.—The western swell still rolling, and the fiddle boxes had to be used. We passed the meridian of Greenwich about 10 p.m. We ought to have sighted the S.S. *Anglian*, outward bound, during the day, but she was not seen.

Tuesday 13th.—We are now in the trades, and there is a fresh wind to help us; the sea is fresh, but as we are running before the wind, we do not feel it. We had some sharp showers this morning for an hour-and-a-half, and again during the afternoon for twenty minutes.





Wednesday 14th.—The weather is getting much warmer. I saw a Portuguese man-of-war and some flying fish to-day. Heavy shower of rain at 9.30 p.m.

Thursday 15th.—There were numbers of flying fish to be seen this afternoon. At 8 p.m. the stewards gave us a Christy's Minstrels entertainment lasting two hours. It was more or less entertaining as an amusement, but not a musical performance, as the stewards while singing often lost their melodies, and were only brought round again by the chorus, which always went well.

We passed into the Guinea current this evening, the temperature of the water rising from 72° to 80°.

Friday 16th.—A warm day; everyone complaining of limpness and debility. We crossed the line at 10.25 a.m. I was busy reading, and so much absorbed that I did not notice the bump and jar as the ship passed over. After dinner the sails were hauled in, as the wind was getting ahead of us.

Saturday 17th.—A black bird flew round the ship for some time this morning. Fire drill in the afternoon; but the boats were not lowered, only shifted out of the davits. Passed a three-masted topsail schooner at 6 p.m.; she had all sail up. At 8 p.m. we passed the *Taymouth Castle* bearing S.E., which we signalled with Roman candles, and she replied to us by the same means. At 10 p.m. we were half-way to Plymouth in miles.

Sunday 18th.—We had service on deck, and most of us sat in our own chairs. Mr. Ewbank, a Pembroke man, read the service and preached a sermon. At mid-day we passed a large Union ship about four miles to starboard; we afterwards heard she was the *Durban*. During dinner, a lady who sits opposite me and who revels in otto of roses, stretched her arm, with a greasy fork in her hand, beyond the lady sitting next to her, and touched on the elbow with the fork the lady sitting next but one to her, in order to call her attention.

Monday 19th.—We passed a steamer ten miles to port at 11 a.m.; she had a funnel like the National Line, but only two masts. During the evening we were off the S.W. breakers, and the officers took an observation at 5 p.m., in addition to the usual ones. One of my friends was fortunate to-day and won the sweepstake on the run; the distance was 247 miles.

Tuesday 20th.—Wind ahead of us. They stopped the ship at twelve o'clock to heave the lead, as it was rather hazy and we were close to Cape

Verde. At 1 p.m. I saw the land, and we were just abreast of it at 1.30 p.m. We were seven miles from the Pap or high land, on which the light-house is built, and four miles outside the nasty shoal. It was very damp after sunset, which was a very fine one, with a lovely purple glow.

Wednesday 21st.—Wind rather fresh to-day, which caused the ship to pitch more than she had yet done, and that made some of the ladies complain. Whilst sitting in the saloon after dinner, a quantity of sand blew in, which we thought had come from the mainland. We did not sight Cape Blanco.

Thursday 22nd.—We passed the *Conway Castle* at 4.20 p.m. one mile to starboard. She put up "All well." The old ship had all her canvas up and was going along merrily; she was out of sight in half-an-hour. The screw has thrown up much water to-day, which the sun has converted into beautiful rainbows. Crossed the Tropic of Cancer at 5 p.m.

Friday 23rd.—Sea is still very fresh, and the ship pitched a great deal all night. We passed a steamer at 5.30 a.m. on our port bow. One of my friends lost his hat this morning; this was a great loss to him, as he had worn it all through South Africa, and wished to take it home as a souvenir. The Southern Cross southed at 9.20 p.m.; and the top star and the one to the E. were clearly visible above the horizon. The lowest star was above the horizon, but not visible. We were in 27° N. exactly.

Saturday 24th.—We passed between Teneriffe and Gomero at 3 a.m. The peak was visible for an hour, but clouds encircled the middle of it and very much detracted from its beauty.

At 6.30 a.m. we passed two sailing ships—one a barque—three miles off to port, and the other too far off to starboard to discern her rig.

Sunday 25th.—Sighted Madeira at daybreak, and cast anchor at 6.45 a.m. Messrs. Lamport and Holt's steamer—*Biela*—from Brazil, was lying at anchor with a quarantine flag up; she was taking in stores, which rather delayed us, as there is only one agent here for all the Steamship Lines. An American training ship of war, with the blue Jack and the ensign flying, a Yankee schooner, and two British sailing ships, were all lying at anchor. Clouds were covering the tops of the hills, yet the sun struggled through the gaps in them, and shone out on the vineyards in many places. While here, the usual rush of people came aboard to sell their wares; and one incident must not be omitted:—There was one man selling embroidery—which is much sought after by the ladies—

similar to that which trimmed my frocks when I was a youngster. The captain, being desirous of purchasing some, enquired the value of a portion. The man asked him a long price : so the captain said, "Pack up your traps and be off." The man hesitated, when the captain repeats, "Be off at once, or I will throw your things over the gunn'll ; you come here to make a fair profit, not to cheat the passengers." The vendor retired gracefully down the gangway. The captain afterwards told us that he once threw one of these men's wares overboard, and that the man had to swim for them.

About 9.30 a.m., having coaled and taken in some fresh stores,—lettuces, bananas, etc.,—we heaved the anchor and proceeded. On rounding the light-house at the eastern end of the island, we found the wind still blowing strongly and a considerable swell running from the N.

Monday 26th.—We passed the Union Company's new steamer, *Arab*, at 2 p.m., and a sailing ship twelve miles to starboard at dusk.

Tuesday 27th.—At mid-day we passed a brigantine eleven miles to port, and just before dinner we saw a great number of whales spouting, two of which came up within a mile of the ship.

I am much afraid that this account of my voyage home will not be very interesting ; but it shows what a sameness there is in life at sea, and that unless you amuse yourself by writing or reading, time hangs very heavily. For my own part, I enjoyed the voyage most thoroughly, because the ship, although a slow one, was very comfortable ; being not over-crowded with passengers, we had plenty of room, and the stewards were well able to attend to us. Then, I never missed a meal or a glass, and always had an appetite. Then amongst the passengers there was an absence of that drunken set, who spend their time so idly and annoy others, on some ships. My time was most fully occupied in reading, and in writing up this journal. The first day I was aboard, I sent for the carpenter and asked him to make me a table, which I almost invariably used, and which enabled me to do the whole of my writing on deck. Lastly, I did not once feel unwell or inconvenienced from the motion of the ship.

Wednesday 28th.—The weather seems to be freshening. At mid-day we passed a barque five miles to port. At 3 p.m. we sighted the coast of Spain, two or three ridges or mountains being quite distinct. A brigantine and barque passed nine miles off to starboard, the former, although the smaller craft, being the favourite, soon overtook and passed the latter. At 4 p.m. we rounded Cape Finisterre about eighteen miles off ;

at the same time a number of porpoises came right up to the ship. At 5.30 p.m. we passed a small steamer—the *Baron Hambro*—on our starboard bow, about 400 yards off; she had a black funnel with three narrow stripes at the top—white, red, and black. At 6 p.m. we passed, a mile on our port beam, the *Edinbro'* telegraph ship, conveying the cable to Natal: she had two wheels at her bows and one at her stern.

Thursday 29th.—During the morning, a brig, three miles to starboard, signalled for longitude; we gave her 8°54' W. Swell very high this morning; the wind gone round to the westward. At 7 p.m. we passed a brigantine six miles to port, and at 8 p.m. a brig three miles to port.

This being our last complete day aboard, I must just describe the ship and the captain.

The *Walmer Castle* is 327 feet 8 inches long, 36 feet 4 inches beam, 2,446 gross tonnage, is 217 nominal horse power, and was built in 1872. She is built on the old plan, and has a long saloon with cabins on either side. She is a very comfortable boat, is not an excessive roller, and does not ship water. Captain Young is a short, well-built man, with sandy whiskers. He is full of mirth and fun; but the sound of his voice when calling people to order is truly terrible. He is also a God-fearing man, and says grace before meals—which he only missed twice during the voyage—once when we were off Cape Verde, and the second time when we were off the Eddystone.

The chief officer—Mr. Hubbuck—is a nice, tall, quiet, gentlemanly man, and has well-fitting clothes, which is more than I can say for the chief officer of one boat I travelled in.

Of the passengers I have little to say. The Hon. Arthur Capell and Wynn Healey were my companions in South Africa. Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Ramsey Fairfax, Bart.—a gentleman who had an especial aversion to draughts—and Mr. Nesham, an old Trinity man, his companion. One lady and gentleman were taking home a coolie boy. Lieut. Dobree (of Guernsey) of the 24th, was at Sandhswana on 22nd January. We had in all 53 saloon passengers, two of whom were clergymen, and eight children. In the whole ship we had 86 passengers; and one lady came aboard at Madeira.

Friday 30th.—We passed a three-masted topsail schooner two hundred yards off; she asked for longitude, and put up her name as *The Brothers*, of Penzance, 120 tons, from Rio Grande. We passed a great many ships of all sorts and rigs, and they were so numerous as we neared the land

that it was quite impossible to note them down. We sighted the Lizard at 10.10, and passed the Eddystone lighthouse on our starboard beam at 1.30 p.m. We steamed along under the western shore of Plymouth harbour, and saw sheep and cows grazing, and gorse in blossom. About 8 p.m. we were inside the breakwater, close to the troop ship *Himalaya*, which was lying at anchor with steam up. Our voyage home had occupied twenty-three days twenty hours. The tender soon came alongside, with my friend, Fred Green, on the bridge, who had kindly come round from Southampton in his yacht—*The Laura*—to welcome me; and within half-an-hour we were landed on the quay, and the good ship *Walmer Castle*, with her precious cargo of pearl and diamonds, out of sight on her way to London, which she safely reached the following evening.

Thus, after sixteen weeks' absence from England, my journey to South Africa was safely ended.

APPENDIX A.

CAPE TOWN TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

(From the *Cape Town Lantern*.)

THE following short sketch of our trip to the Fields is not written with any desire of discouraging intending fortune hunters who have any idea of going over the same ground, but that such people may know what they have to put up with, and so be able to avoid many inconveniences by starting properly prepared. Leaving Cape Town on a visit to the Fields is considered by some people as quite a common-place affair, and at the commencement of the journey look back at that dull, dirty, and miserable place, Cape Town, saying within themselves, "Thank goodness I am away from it." Allow me, as one of those who have tried it, to shew how long this notion lasts.

After many visits to McGregor's, (the Agent for Roach,) we were informed that the wagon under the care of "guard Green" would leave by the noon train for Grootfontein on Friday, the 28th February; good news, as we were anxious to get away. Nothing need be said of the Railway journey, the road as far as Wellington being, no doubt, familiar to most of your readers. Even if I wished to describe the country, I couldn't from actual observation, my thoughts being too much occupied with the many friends and associations I had left behind. We left Wellington at three o'clock, and being told that the scenery between here and Tulbagh Road was grander than other parts of the line, I kept my eyes about me; certainly I hadn't an extended view, for mountains towered above us on each side. Along this valley we crept at an enviable pace (six miles an hour); railway engineers know best, I suppose, and in such districts where the line is made as if a snake had marked out the way. After leaving Turbagh Kloof, we have a flat country to Worcester, where we arrived at 6.50. We found refuge at the Commercial Hotel, a very clean and respectably-conducted house. This is one of the few spots in South Africa that reminds you of home; perhaps the mill, with

its old-fashioned water wheel, had more to do with it than anything else. One night was all we had at Worcester, and at 7.80 next morning we made a fresh start. The great event of the day was to be the ascent of the Hex River Mountains, and after a tedious journey of an hour-and-a-half we stopped at Hex River East, a station at the foot of the mountains. Here we took on another engine, which is placed in the rear, and then the upward journey commences: it would be useless for me to attempt to describe it, but I must say, as a piece of engineering skill, it is wonderful. We reached the top without any further accident than a lady fainting in the tunnel. One thing that struck me as being strange, was stopping the train and allowing the passengers to "stretch their legs," as the guard termed it, while the engine was cleaned and oiled. When at the top and looking back at the winding road and steep precipices, it makes one feel giddy and wonder how one manages to crawl up.

We reach Montague Road at 11.40; this station, it appears, is considered to be half way to Beaufort, and when the line is opened through will be used as the sleeping place: to this end, Government is building a large hotel at the station. From here to Grootfontein is about the most uninteresting part of the whole journey, seven hours' tedious travelling and only stopping at two stations. Arriving at Grootfontein at dusk, we find the only accommodation house full, and wagon life commenced sooner than expected, as we had to sleep on the ground by the side of the wheels, a sheet being fastened up to keep the wind from us. The ladies managed to get beds in private houses. I may here enumerate or rather describe our passengers:—We numbered twelve, eight adults and four children, a pleasant prospect, for out of the eight four were ladies. One compartment was occupied by a lady and her sister and a little child; they were returning after a visit to Cape Town, and knew what wagon travelling was, but *unfortunately* not when the wagon contained other families, and as we proceeded we learnt this to our sorrow. The next compartment contained an Irish lady and her three children, who had never travelled, and couldn't make up their minds either to occupy the beds or eat the food provided for them at the hotels we stopped. Mr. Cowie (from the Fields), Mr. Waterfall and myself, were in front. The only other passenger, a Mr. Ford, left us at Beaufort, so needn't be spoken of further. At 8.30 a.m. on Sunday we made a start, only intending to reach "Flak Kraal" by night, as Mr. Cowie had left his box behind at Cape Town, and the Irish lady (Mrs. E.) had left her bundle of pillows

and rugs somewhere, and we hoped that they would be forwarded next day by "material train" to "Rietfontein;" we could then get them on Monday, when the wagon got there.

Flak Kraal, a village thirty miles from Grootfontein, is very uninviting, but as the railway works improve this may change. Rooms were provided for the ladies, and the gentlemen were to occupy the wagon. Here the obstinacy of ladies showed itself; one family wouldn't sleep in the same room as the other, and after a deal of bother, they lost the chance and had to sleep in the wagon, the gentlemen occupying the beds. Next morning we found Mrs. E. sitting on the box seat, which had been her bed all night; this description of the first night in the wagon must suffice, as it occurred often afterwards. On the second day things began to settle into their places, yet still there was something that plainly told us our journey wouldn't be a very pleasant one. It is a dreary country we pass through, the only thing to be seen is the line in course of construction, here and there little clusters of tents used by the workmen and contractors, and in the distance the "Zwart Berg Mountains." At night we reached "Uitkyk;" we got good accommodation here. Mrs. E. informed us of her desire to return to Cape Town, as she was tired already. Mrs. P., if she could get a cart and horses, whatever it should cost, would leave us and perform the rest of the journey alone. I thought that Cape Town, with all its faults, was preferable to what we were going through; but a good sleep put us all in a better temper, and we reconciled ourselves to the wagon once more, and after a beastly eighteen miles trek in the dark (the greater part of which the guard and I walked), we reached Gavin B. Deas' place. We were all pleased to find a landlord who not only could speak English but was an Englishman and a subscriber to Cape papers, including the *Lantern*, which had just arrived; so the short stay here was passed pleasantly enough devouring the news from that place we had so lately styled "dreary and dirty."

Beaufort West was reached at night; I didn't expect to find such a pretty inland Town. The moon was just rising as we entered and gave the place an extra picturesque appearance. The streets are lined with fruit trees, the houses are well built, and the only hotel in the place is large and well conducted by an ex U.S.S Co.'s steward. After leaving Beaufort, we expected to find a different country, but no; the same "old veldt," the roads perhaps a little better; the "Neuveldt" Mountains stretching for miles broke the monotony of an otherwise endless flat.

M

Towards noon on Thursday the clouds began to gather and a storm threatened us, and sure enough it came, thunder and lightning; so severe was it, we were obliged to stop at "Hel Spruit" to sleep instead of reaching Victoria West. This delay caused a complete change in our arrangements, and instead of arriving at hotels, many a night was spent on the veldt. On Friday morning the storm was over; we managed, at the rate of two miles an hour over heavy roads, to reach Victoria West, a pretty place, situate between two mountains. Our obliging guard Green, anxious for the comfort of his passengers, told us to lay in a stock of eatables, &c., as hotels were scarce after this, and through the heavy rains, we might not be able to reach them just at meal or bed time. We took his advice, and then started, only doing twenty-seven, instead of fifty, miles by night: we slept at a sheep farm. We trekked on again at 2 a.m. Saturday, arriving at Ongers River at sunrise, when, much to our surprise and mortification, we found the river was full. Outspanning on a bitter cold morning on the banks of an impassable river is not a thing to be envied; we made a fire, and with hot coffee and our blankets, tried to make our miserable lives happy. Two wagons were waiting to cross from the other side, and at noon, as the river had gone down, a start was made; we borrowed one another's mules, and with a double span, we were all safely landed across. The ladies were very frightened; Mrs. E. was for stopping behind rather than risk her life, but they thought better of it, and crossed. Another day-and-a-half passed the same as usual, except that we had always to take our food on the veldt and sleep under the wagon.

Sunday afternoon found us on the banks of the Brak River, harmless in dry weather, but after so much rain, dangerous. Mr. Ricketts and his mother and sisters, in a cart with two horses, had just started to cross, and lucky it was we came, for they stuck in the middle. Four of us stripped and went in to help him, but the horses refused to pull, and the cart was sinking inch by inch. After an hour's work, we decided to take the horses out and try and lift the cart ourselves; and by this means it was safely landed on the other side. We had better luck, getting across without accident. From here to Hope Town the country, through the rains, began to look green, and the thousands of sheep grazing in this district seemed to thoroughly enjoy the change. Two nights more in the wagon and we were at Hope Town. We saw plenty of game—blesboks, a few ostriches, hares, etc., and Mr. Cowie's gun did good service among the birds, pigeons, partridges, and koran.

At Hope Town, Mrs. P. carried out her threat and got a cart and horses ; so much the better, the wagon was lighter. Hope Town lies low and close to the Orange River ; so hidden is the place, that a stranger could almost pass it without seeing it : not so with us ; we enjoyed a good breakfast there. The Orange River was crossed on a pont, and as the river was very high, we were soon steered across, and then the fun commenced. Only two days more, the two jolliest of the trip, we slept at Belmont, a pretty place, and kept by a young man anxious to oblige his customers, and who knows the value of money, for he let his rooms to our party, and when Mrs. P. came up with her cart and horses and offered a trifle more, he threw us out and gave her the rooms. It didn't matter much, for we started at 2 a.m. again, reaching Mimmick's to breakfast, a good old Yorkshire landlord. From here to Mrs. Bury's was very exciting. Mrs. E. expected a cart to meet her ; Cowie expected his own, so we amused ourselves by betting on whose cart it was, whenever such a thing was seen in the distance. Mrs. E. and her family were the lucky ones ; a cart came and relieved us of their weight. Now our number was reduced to four—three gentlemen and Mrs. H., Mrs. P.'s sister.

At Mrs. Bury's, on the banks of the "Modder River," we lost Mr. Cowie, and as it is at this place the great event of the trip took place, I must describe it. It is about twenty-four miles from Kimberley, one house—on the Cape side—which includes hotel, store and general dealer's place. The river is most dangerous, and wagons—sometimes as many as fifty—remain on the banks for days waiting to cross. Just as we arrived the river was down, and the wagons were crossing as quickly as possible. As this river rises as rapidly as it falls, we outspanned and stayed just a little too long, for when we attempted to cross, the river was rising rapidly, and the current was very strong. Green couldn't see the force of stopping, perhaps a couple of days, so made a rush for it, and right in the middle we stuck, the current taking the mules off their feet. The reins were given to Waterfall, who was too light a weight to stem the current, and Green, I, and the two drivers had to strip in the wagon, and get into the river. I durst not say "no," and had to pretend I didn't care (but I did). In I went, and by our united efforts we lifted the wheel out of the hole, thrashed the mules, and got the wagon out. No sooner was the wagon out of the way, when the stream quietly lifted us off our feet, carried us onward, leaving us at the bend on terra firma. With this our last adventure closed our wagon life, for in a few

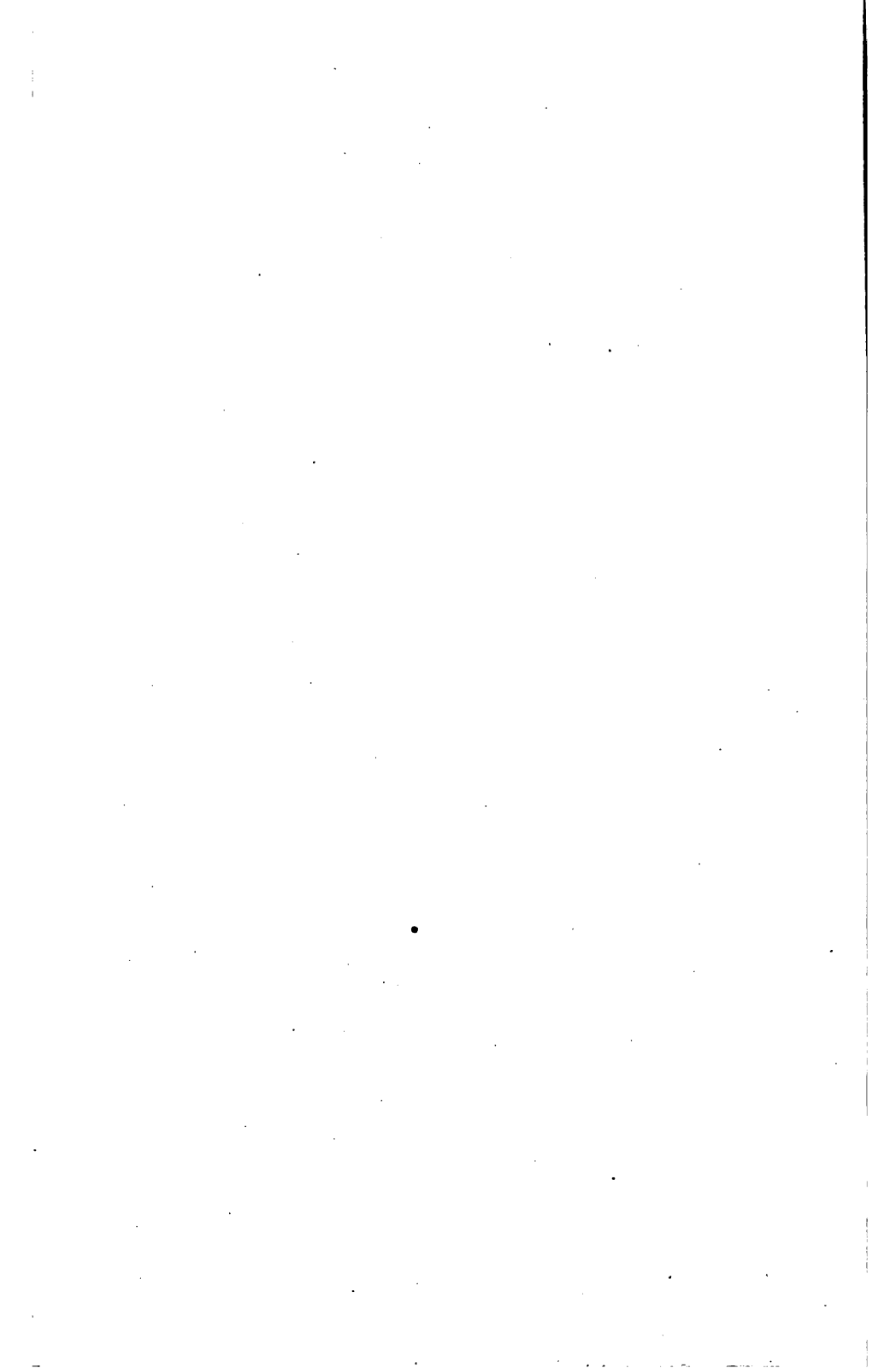
hours we were landed safely in Kimberley, of which place I may write a sketch at some future time, shewing the difference between it and Cape Town : give me the latter.

The following are a few hints to travellers : Articles required on the journey—a rug large enough to lie on and then wrap round you afterwards, an overcoat, towels and toilet requisites, a few collars, handkerchiefs, and change of linen ; all these packed in as small a bag as possible, for all large packages and boxes are strapped outside the wagon and not accessible on the journey. Of edibles take—say a little cheese, tinned meats, tea or coffee, sugar, biscuits, butter, or any other little luxury you may fancy ; knife, fork, and spoon, an enamelled cup and plate, and above all pepper, salt, and vinegar.—All these things I found actually necessary on the way, and if not purchased in Cape Town, give you endless trouble and expense to procure on the way. Hedinger, the grocer in Long Market Street, happened to make up both Mr. Cowie's and my box, and shewed he knew what wagon travelling is. Milk is plentiful on the road, and sometimes butter. Let me further add as a hint that "Eno's Fruit Salt" makes a very cooling and refreshing, not to say healthy, drink, where water is brackish, and is a preventative against sickness : it was used freely by us all.

APPENDIX B.

Showing the distances travelled
by rail road & sea in miles.

	Sea	rail road	Total
Durham to Cape Town	6,223½	—	6,223½
Cape Town to Simon's Town & back	—	30	46
Wynberg to Worcester & back	—	230	230
Wynberg over Rains Kloof to Montagu & back	—	283	311
Sunday journey around Wynberg	—	238	339
Cape Town to Durban	773	—	773
Durban to Durba	—	17	17
Durban to Pietermaritzburg, Hornsby & back	—	64	106
Durban to Algoa Bay	323	—	323
Algoa Bay to Grahamstown	—	26	214
Algoa Bay to Cape Town	450	—	450
Cape Town to Plymouth	5894	—	5894
Great Western Railway	240½	—	240½
	13,663½	227	15,167



APPENDIX

Log of the S.S. Conway

7th February to

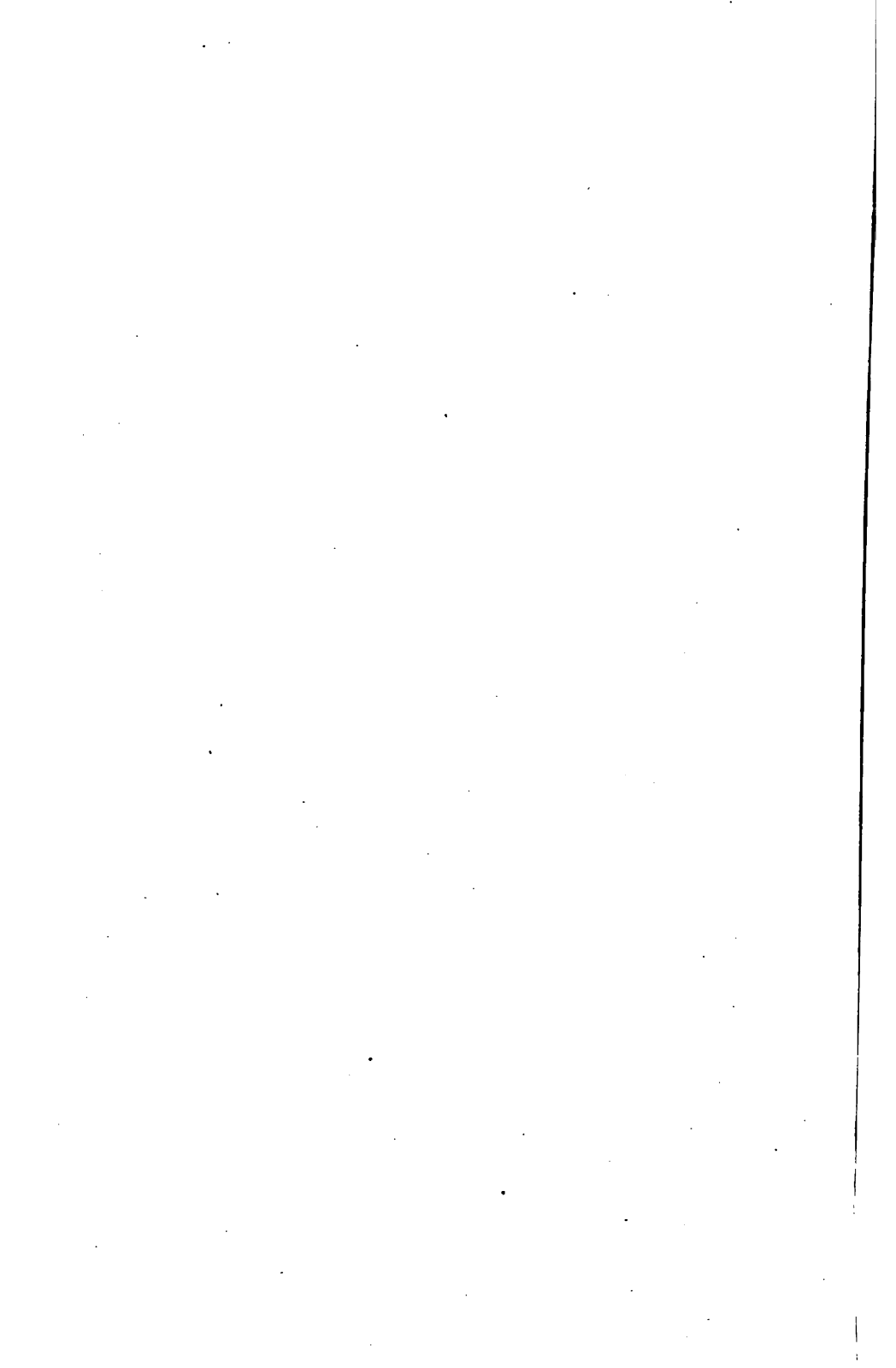
Febr	Remarks	Temperature				Barometer	
		max. in sun	max. cabin at night	shade min. max		9 a.m.	9 p.m.
7	Left Dartmouth at 12.13 p.m.	-	54	49	53	29.54	2
8		-	58	48	60	29.78	2
9		-	62	47	58	29.36	2
10		-	61	50	58	29.36	2
11		-	60	52	60	29.80	3
12		-	60	56	60	30.30	3
13	Arrived Madeira 3.15 p.m. left 6.45 p.m.	-	65	59	69	30.38	3
14	Crossed Tropic of Cancer	-	75	65	68	30.41	3
15		80	74	68	71	30.34	3
16		88	76	69	71	30.19	3
17		93	74	74	78	30.05	3
18		102	78	75	79	30.03	3
19		116	78	78	83	29.97	2
20		116	83	82	87	29.94	2
21		110	84	80	84	29.92	2
22		106	83	80	83	29.90	2
23	Crossed the line at 3 a.m.	132	81	78	82	29.99	2
24		97	81	76	80	29.92	2
25		-	80	74	76	29.98	2
26		-	76	71	73	30.00	3
27		-	75	70	70	30.07	3
28	Crossed meridian of Greenwich	-	75	68	70	30.06	3
	Crossed Tropic of Capricorn	-	75	68	70	30.06	3
1		-	73	66	69	30.07	3
2		-	-	68	71	30.12	3
3		-	-	62	64	30.22	3
4		-	-	60	62	30.08	3
	Table Mountain in sight 10 a.m.	-	-	60	62	30.08	3

DIX C.

Castle outward bound.

4th March 1879.

Hr. p.m.	at noon		since previous noon		weather & wind
	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Course	
29.68	—	—	—	—	very rough heavy swell strong wind
29.60	47.30 N	6.51 W	216	SW by $\frac{3}{4}$ S	" " " half a gale
29.36	45.03 N	9.12 W	177	"	" " " " "
29.60	42.28 N	11.34 W	186	"	very high sea " " "
30.10	40.30 N	13.01 W	135	"	" " " strong wind
30.32	37.37 N	15.00 W	196	"	moderate " " fresh
30.36	33.07 N	16.33 W	280	"	smooth slight swell slight
30.37	29.30 N	18.36 W	208	SW	" " heavy swell fresh
30.26	24.57 N	21.04 W	303	"	" " " " "
30.11	20.22 N	23.21 W	303	"	fresh " " light wind
30.03	at St. Vincent		230	"	smooth slight fresh wind
30.00	13.34 N	23.10 W	235	SE $\frac{1}{2}$ E	" " " light wind
29.96	9.37 N	20.36 W	281	"	calm " " none
29.98	5.49 N	17.55 W	278	"	smooth " " slight
29.93	2.13 N	15.00 W	278	"	" " " fresh wind
29.92	1.13 S	12.19 W	262	"	fresh " " strong wind
29.91	4.47 S	9.39 W	268	"	" " " fresh
29.99	8.20 S	6.59 W	266	"	slight " " slight
29.99	11.47 S	4.15 W	263	"	smooth " " " "
30.04	15.12 S	1.25 W	263 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	" " " " "
30.05	18.36 S	1.17 E	256	"	fresh " " fresh
30.07	21.48 S	4.24 E	260	"	" " " slight
30.12	25.07	7.41 E	269	"	" " " fresh
30.17	28.27	11.11 E	274	"	moderate heavy swell " "
30.12	31.24	14.50 E	260	"	" " " strong
30.07	33.25	17.42 E	189	"	" " " "
			42		



APPENDIX

Log of the goodship Walmer

6th to the 30

May	Remarks	Temperature					Barom.	
		max in sun	max cabn night	shade min	max	mean of sea water	9 a.m.	9 p.m.
7	Left Cape Town 6th at 8.20 p.m.	-	-	-	66	-	30.06	31
8		-	67	61	65	60	30.08	31
9		-	67	63	71	63	30.02	31
10	Crossed Tropic Capricorn	-	72	66	70	64	30.03	31
11		-	73	67	72	67	30.07	31
12	Crossed meridian Greenwich	-	74	69	74	69	30.06	31
13		-	75	72	77	71	30.08	31
14		97	79	77	81	73	30.02	31
15		101	81	78	84	78	30.01	31
16	Crossed the line	114	82	79	87	80	29.98	2
17		106	84	81	84	81	29.98	31
18		-	83	79	86	83	30.00	31
19		Off the S.W. Breaker 5 p.m.	-	83	79	84	82	29.98
20	Rounded Cape Verd 1 p.m.	123	82	75	81	79	29.98	2
21	Crossed Tropic Cancer	-	77	67	70	71	30.03	31
22		102	72	64	68	65	30.11	31
23		98	70	66	71	67	30.17	31
24	Passed Teneriffe 5 a.m.	-	71	65	68	67	30.26	31
25	Arrived Madeira 6.45 a.m.	-	69	63	69	65	30.22	31
26		-	70	59	65	64	30.30	31
27		99	67	57	62	61	30.25	31
28		99	62	54	57	58	29.95	2
29	Sighted the Lizard at 10 a.m.	-	63	48	58	55	29.74	2
30		-	63	52	56	53	29.86	-

D.
Castle homeward bound.
1st May 1879.

hr	at noon		since previous noon		weather & wind
	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Course	
06	31.53 S	16.06 E	164	N by W	sea smooth no swell wind light
04	28.27 S	12.44 E	270	"	" " "
02	25.03 S	9.34 E	266	"	" slight swell "
02	21.29 S	6.48 E	264	"	" heavy swell "
05	17.51 S	3.58 E	270	"	" " "
08	14.08 S	1.07 E	277	"	" " "
01	10.30 S	1.30 W	267	"	sea fresh slight swell "
00	6.55 S	4.17 W	272	"	" " "
00	3.13 S	7.03 W	277	"	" " "
98	0.20 N	9.39 W	264	"	" " "
02	3.57 N	12.03 W	255	"	smooth " "
00	7.11 N	14.36 W	251	"	" " "
92	10.23 N	17.12 W	247	N by 30° W	calm " none
92	14.34 N	17.35 W	252	N by 20° W	fresh none fresh
06	18.34 N	17.27 W	240	N	" " "
09	22.22 N	17.30 W	228	"	moderate " strong
23	25.47 N	17.13 W	206	"	" " "
20	29.41 N	16.59 W	234	"	very fresh slight "
28	32.53 N	16.33 W	179 278	"	" heavy "
30	35.55 N	14.44 W	203	N by 28° E	moderate " "
08	39.02 N	12.41 W	211	"	" " "
83	42.29 N	10.12 W	236	"	rough " "
78	46.11 N	7.45 W	246	"	" " "
-	50.00 N	4.38 W	261 275	"	smooth none none

